TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A lively sense of favors to come is a French cynic's definition of gratitude. A loving and glowing memory of Christmas days that are past is the portion of those who have not lived altogether for themselves.

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In the street car matter the Ministerial Association is in deep distress with regard to the salvation of Toronto. When this esteemed organization, of which I have elected myself a corresponding member, is writhing in agony, we expect Dr. Parsons to loom up as the leader of the irrational and irreconcilable element, and never yet has the laity been disappointed. It seems to be the special mission of this imprudent imitation of John Knox to obtrude himself into public view when anything illogical is to be said and the Ministerial Association can be most damaged by having it said as offensively and immoderately as our language will permit. Sad experience has taught those who read the reports of the remarkable body which assumes to interpret the apostolic faith for us hereabouts, that at a popular crisis such as the present everything will be done to discredit true religion and to magnify those who make us wonder if Protestantism is not permitting the assumption of an infallibility by its clergy which is a thousand times more unreasonable than the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. When thirty-six clergymen cast a ballot and twenty-four of them are in favor of forcing the Council to violate an agreement, we cannot but wonder what code of morals has been adopted by these men. When the same majority clamors for a return to clerical dictation and refuses to trust the people, and says the voter has no right to exercise his franchise in what is held even by the Catholic Church to be an economic matter, this city cannot fail to recognize the fact that we are returning to the order of things which in the dark ages caused the burning of heretics, and in Puritan New England the sacrifice of witches.

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If these preachers refuse to recognize agreements which are equivalent to laws, if they claim that their judgment is superior to the expressed wishes of the people and the general faith of the elector, we must either oppose these men or abandon popular government. If the preachers are to decide for us in such matters, the ballot box is but another "sinful device of sinful people." If the Ministerial Association argues that it is competent to choose for the people in one economic matter, the step from that point to clerical despotism is a very easy one. If they are to arrange our laws with regard to Sunday street cars, they have a similar right to refuse us the privilege of voting for members of Parliament, aldermen and school trustees. If the preachers rather than the people are to conduct the business of this city, let it be handed over to them at once.

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One of these gentlemen with burning views as to goodness was given charge of city affairs for a while, and he made a most unholy mess of it. Probably the Ministerial Association could manage our affairs more wisely, but we have come to the point when we must decide either for clerical or popular rule. There is no religious question involved in the submission of this matter to the people. The Roman Catholics and the Anglicans, the Congregationalists and the Baptists all hold strong views with regard to Sabbatarianism and feel that in this matter, as in every economic question, the people have a right to decide for themselves. The Methodists and Presbyterians are widely divided on the question. Only fanatics hold the view that it would be as sinful to vote upon this matter as to undertake to decide whether murder or burglary be permitted. The question involved is not that of Sunday street cars, but as to whether people have a right to vote for or against such an innovation. Personally, I believe in Sunday street cars, but I have no consuming desire to force them on anybody. I can get along without them very nicely, but I cannot get along very nicely, and no one can get along at all comfortably without the right to register a vote on economic questions. I can go afoot or take a hack on Sunday, but I do not propose to go afoot or take a hack without the right of finding out whether the majority is in favor of running Sunday street cars or not.

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It is this bull-dozing and bumptiousness on the part of a certain clique of Toronto's preachers which brings religion into contempt. I am not the only one who refuses to be coerced, and this is not the only newspaper which contends that the preachers have no right to coerce us. I believe in religion and in churches, and in God and in the good things that are preached, but I do not propose to have any self-opinionated parson offer me the alternative of accepting his doctrines or being burned at the stake or of being made to go afoot on Sunday, and herein lies the whole trouble between the people and those of their pastors who think it their duty or find it to their profit to say whether we shall or shall not vote on this question. From their standpoint I can see why they might oppose Sunday street cars on account of conscientious scrupies in such matters, but it is utterly impossible for a free people to allow them to decide matters that by law, by agreement, by all those mutual understandings and concessions which make clear a citizen's privilege, to deny us a right to find out the sentiment of the community on the question. I imagine that if a vote were taken the Sunday street car by-law would not be popular enough to carry, but if they try to dull-dose the public it will be carried in spite of them and to spite them. Their position is not only illogical and tyrannical, but it is liable to drive the populace into voting strongly, not in favor of Sunday street cars but as a protest against clerical arrogance.

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In youth we long for the Christmas to come; in age we love to think of the Christmas days that are past. The child whose selfishness has not been disciplined, the youth whose heart has not been softened, wonder what he or she shall get. The mother who has loved and suffered and the father who has toiled and hoped, wonders what they can give.

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The kleptomaniac is a queer development of the general tendency of mankind to try to get something for nothing. A man who goes into a store and steals, not because he is hungry or ill-clad or lacks nightly shelter but for the pleasure of stealing, is one of the freaks of the race. Nobody can understand the queer physiological development which produces the kleptomaniac, yet there are a great many people who, while they will not steal goods from a store or money from the till, have not the slightest compunction in stealing something equally valuable. Without the slightest intention of buying they throng the counters of business places at busy times, stealing the time of the proprietors who pay the clerks, and forcing those who are anxious to purchase to go elsewhere. They might just as well steal the man's stuff; it is just as illegitimate to steal a man's time as his money, yet people somehow imagine that the man behind the counter is their servant, the slave of the whole community, that anybody has a right to go in and keep him from doing business. It never seems to strike them that their presence and the attention they demand—by the way, they always demand more attention than anybody else—may take five, ten, fifteen, even a hundred dollars out of the pocket or till of the merchant. They do not care. These people never care what happens as long as it does not happen to themselves.

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At the Christmas time, when everybody is busy, everybody has a duty towards his neighbor. That duty is to keep away from the people with whom and from the places where they have no business. The man or woman in search of something to give to a friend of course has a right to a certain amount of attention, and as he or she may not know exactly what is wanted there is nothing wrong in a certain indecision and deliberation, but the man or woman who does not want to buy anything and goes into a store and hangs around and fumbles over stuff and argues and waits, trying to find some decent avenue of retreat, is stealing from that store just as much as if he or she pocketed some of the goods on the counter.

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"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Love flows eternal through the valleys of happiness. It is the marginal stream of the green pastures in which He makes us to lie down, 'tis the river road where He leadeth us beside the still waters; 'tis the lamp that guideth us in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake, for His love's sake.

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Another system of thievery, another development of kleptomania that seems to have become quite popular is that of riding on the street railway without paying. A by-law having been passed that transfers are to be granted, some people of whom we have every right to expect better things believe that it is exceedingly cunning and praiseworthy to pretend to have a right to ride on a transfer when no such ride has been paid for. Whoever makes a little theft of this sort is more contemptible than the man who led into temptation by speculation and losses, robs a bank. This sort of thing is stealing for the fun of it, and is a mild form of the dreadful disease which is called kleptomania. Every honest man and woman should suspect the honesty of anyone who would steal a ride. It is petty larceny, a symptom of a thievish tendency, a thing so abominably small and so contemptible and degrading that I wonder that anyone can engage in the practice or with a laugh make mention of it.

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It is Love that maketh Christmas; 'tis Love that we see when we consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers; 'tis Love that is the moon that ordiates the night and the stars which He has ordained.

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Municipal politics seldom interest those who are not candidates for office. I always feel when I strike this subject that I shall find very little response. The sentences which tell of the plans of those who would like to see good men elected and the tribulation of those who would like to see themselves elected, are alike supposed to be inspired by selfishness. This has so long been the saddening experience of men whose spirits have been moved to help bring about a better state of affairs, that now it is hard to stir up even those who are suffering most by reason of bad municipal government.

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I have often tried to imagine the condition of mind a man must be in when he consumedly desires to run for public office. The impulse to assist in the government of a city or country is far more common than a desire to be the person chosen as a representative. Some poorly informed people imagine that every man would like to be Mayor, or member of Parliament, or Premier, or Governor-General. I feel sure that this is not the case. The average citizen is undesirous of holding any public position; the egotist, the abnormally developed notoriety hunter may feel inclined to make his living out of politics or to make such a stir in the country as will benefit his enterprises. The clever man, the man who has plenty of business, whose ambitions are large, and the man who already has his hands full has no need for political promotion or public notoriety. It is generally the small man, the man who has made his money in an obscure way, the man who is rich but not known, the man who is poor but would like to be known, the man who is unscrupulous but not known, the man who feels that he ought to have a living out of the people and has not been assured of it, the man who has a scheme that would be benefited by his personal prominence, the man who could possibly obtain a commercial connection by virtue of his office—these are the men who desire to represent us. After a man has made a little money he sometimes desires to make a little notoriety, and incidentally to make a little more money. There are very few who evolve from their inner consciousness a settled determination to go out and do some good for their fellow man. In cities and constituencies of all sorts, the man who is willing to go out and do the struggling hopes to find some position in which he can re-imburse himself for the expenses he must incur.

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It may be a low and degrading idea that prompts remarks to the effect that men are not patriots except with their mouths, but it is the solemn fact that the men who appeal to the people as a rule have a hidden motive. The people would be better governed if they were not so slow in making up their minds and so careless in obtaining the information necessary to that process. We may just as well admit that the average citizen does not care who is alderman or who is mayor. The alderman can obtain his confidence by shaking hands with him and saying that he desires his vote and influence and feels certain that the vote is the smallest part of it. The vote of a man is really the smallest exercise of his influence. Every man has influence for good or evil. The good influence is seldom exerted; it is only at periods like the present, when a crisis demands immediate remedies for evils, that men are likely to shake themselves loose from their personal friendships and deposit a ballot for the man who is likely to influence his surroundings and benefit his fellow citizens. In governments of all sorts strange things have been done by men who believe that they can accomplish something, or can make other men believe that their whole aim in life is to better the condition of the electorate.

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So in minor matters it happens that there are periods when men rise up as sincere leaders of the people. They may not deliver them from evils greater than those to which they may reduce them, but as the world swings around on its axis we see great changes, and must estimate the desire for change and the appreciation of the people of change, as a means of modifying the evils that surround us. If it were not for this disposition of the elector to move forward into the unknown condition of experiment, we would now be where our forefathers lived sixty centuries ago. But people love to advance and the advancement is largely occasioned, not by a certainty that they will be benefited, but by the instinct that convinces them that they cannot be injured. We live to learn and yet we learn very slowly. The world moves and we move with it, and the greatest movements of all are caused by the impulse to ally ourselves with the unknown. It is impossible to move in any other direction without going backward. We try new things, not because we are certain that they will be beneficial; we support new men, not because we know that they may be the best, but we do know what is past and if we advance we take and have chances. We must risk something. Evils that we know of are to be avoided; evils that may be brought upon us are not apparent. If satisfied with what we are, we always remain the same; the world would have made no such advancement as it has since Christ taught the people to believe in sentiment and not to be too closely identified with law. Happy is the condition of man when he makes no attempt to turn the world backwards but is well-intentioned in all his efforts to move it forwards. It will go forward; the world will move. Our beliefs, our laws, our judgment of those who surround us must be modified by circumstances and must move forward in the great procession of life. We may feel that the ambitions and plans of youth have been fulfilled, but as we grow old we would be indeed foolish if we disregarded the tendency of the youth that follows us, to help the moral and political world to advance as the material sphere moves in its orbit.

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The whole tendency of municipal life is to support those we know. We promise our vote as we promise our sympathy, not as a matter of duty but as one of the trivial things by which we hope to cheaply fulfil our social duties. Duty seldom obtrudes itself. We may believe in some men and disbelieve in others, yet our choice is not influenced by our principles as much as by our environment. The man who asks us seems to be a natural ally and may be, but the man who does not ask us to vote for him is an intrusion upon old methods and an innovation which personal dignity resents. Yet within ourselves we have large hopes, grand ambitions, glorious prospects; we hope that as the world swings around, the light of the sun of prosperity shall shine upon us, and that we may reach some strange zenith where the moon may always make endurable the night of trouble that we shall have to pass through. Individually no decent man is without a hope for the human race and an impulse to benefit others; he is willing to advance every cause that seems unto him good, yet his vote is not in accordance with his best impulse, but is given to a necessitous candidate as we would loan a half a dollar to the man lacking a meal and who makes a personal appeal to us to tide him over an unhappy hour. Until we have grown out of this idea, the man most able to play upon our sympathies will be chiefest in our midst; until we regard good-fellowship as something social and not as a thing political, we must be subservient to those who trade upon our friendship and offer in the market of selfishness, bribery and corrupt practice, the service that has been made possible by friendly support.

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Time brings many changes and may the great gods bring, amongst the phases of public affairs which become popular, the idea that social ties should be forgotten when we elect our chief magistrate either in city or country. Unless we divest ourselves of the small things of life and try to live in that larger sphere that is offered to every man who dares exploit the higher realms of goodness and greatness, we shall be traded upon by small men who have small ideals and imagine that their mission is confined to the range of their selfishness, slightly bounded on all sides by a pretense of doing something for the people that place them in office. These pretenses are no greater than the expenditure of public money for semi-private or public purposes, but they may be so extravagant or so ill-directed, according to the size and force of the man, as to involve in general ruin the entire community. When we think of these small questions we must know that great results either for good or evil must follow. How seldom we judge in this way! How often we say "yes" to an evil proposition because we are too cowardly to defend our own ideals, too poor in spirit to assert our hopes, too easily controlled by the element that says "Come with us and make a fortune out of the misfortunes of the whole people."

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A municipal election is near at hand and I

Hnes Huntington

See page 8.

ask each reader to judge for himself as to his duty. Am I, are you, likely to support the best man because he is the best man, or is the question to be decided by a watching of the tide and a floating with the majority, to evils that easily may be defined by those who see what must be the result.

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What is your ideal? What in moments of quiet have you hoped for? Why have you despised what has always seemed unto you a small action? Now that there is a great contest for every man and taxpaying woman who is interested in the future, will you refuse to do that which is best for us? Everybody knows that the man who is in the field for his personal aggrandizement will disregard all higher trusts. We all know that the man who is well equipped financially and mentally and has many avenues for furthering his ambitions and increasing his wealth, is unlikely to seek municipal preferment as a road to anything but the praise of his fellow citizen and that general and generous thankfulness, undefined and indefinable, which make us all try to be what we ought to be. To my mind E. B. Osler is the candidate who will be least disappointing to us if elected. He is strong and aggressive, has made his wealth by the exercise of mental powers which if exercised for us would make us wealth, or at least save us from severe taxation. Money has ceased to tempt him, because he is rich; power will not beset him because he has long been powerful; public adulation he knows has been won by small men, but can only be retained by great ones.

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The contest which will be concluded on the fourth of January is an exceptional one. I imagine that it will decide whether petty prejudice or public preference shall be most powerful in Toronto. This has become a great city. If the people have not yet outgrown the small notions of smaller places, have not occupied a sufficiently elevated standpoint to see beyond momentary advantages, they will be apt to follow the little leaders who have nothing to commend them but personal ambition and the praise of petty newspapers. If we cannot see beyond this, if ward politics and "pulls" and "pushers" are to achieve greatest prominence, we shall be informed of the fact and henceforth those who desire to shine must be selfish and the results must be disastrous. If we are incapable of a large movement now is the time to prove it; if we desire small methods and prefer small men we have a chance to choose. We may be sure that the choice will be for many years. I may feel sure of the largeness of the individual voter, but experience teaches us the smallness of public selection. This city has seen a ghost and has been frightened by it. To whom shall the citizen go for comfort? To the men who have by their small motives and public extravagance produced the crisis, or to those who have not contributed to it? We have a chance to declare how large or how small we are. No man has a right to believe that his private interests are likely to be conserved by inaction or a forgetfulness of the general good.

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When we decide I think it is fair to remember that E. B. Osler is the exponent of the large idea, and that his opponents are the men who have contributed to our disasters or have passed through the storm poor but eager, hoping out of the general confusion to make something for themselves. But one man stands out prominently, who, without hope of reward, but at a vast personal sacrifice, has been persuaded to give the people a chance to elect from the best instead of the worst of the community, a mayor to manage the affairs of all. That man is E. B. Osler.

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SATURDAY NIGHT this week received from the secretary of the Toronto Junior Lacrosse Club the sum of ten dollars, to be forwarded to the Toronto Humane Society. This amount had been tendered to the Oriole Social Club in payment of a debt by the Lacrosse Club, but the Orioles not desiring to make money out of their friends have added it to the funds of the Humane Society. Following is the acknowledgment:

DEC. 15.

DEAR SIR,—The Toronto Humane Society request me to acknowledge through your columns the very kind donation of ten dollars received from the Oriole Social Lacrosse Club, and to express the thanks of the society for their kind thoughts. Such gifts are always acceptable.

Yours respectfully,
E. L.,
Secretary Toronto Humane Society.

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The return of Christmas with its stories and memories is the introduction to the last chapter of the year. Happy childhood, hopeful youth and prosperous maturity all find reason to regard Christmas as the most delightful period. I wonder if any class have had such an unhappy life that their childhood is marked by no Christmas anticipations and pleasures. Yet boys and girls may have grown up in such sordid want that the coming and going of this merry season has been unmarked either by joys they have experienced or that not unnatural envy which is so apt to be caused by the observation of happiness which we cannot share. It is a queer sort of an anniversary, originally religious in its intention and commemorative of God's love and Christ's mission. We have retained it with perhaps but a thought of these sacred things, but making festivity and an interchange of kindly attentions the principal features. As a result of the growing formalism of the time, present giving and entertaining have become a severe drain upon many, for we cannot pass over the day without observing those things which public opinion makes necessary to those who are to be kept in Mrs. Grundy's good books. No anniversary can escape these formalities which to a greater or less extent injure the day. Those who have lost dear ones begin, on their anniversaries, a pilgrimage to the cemetery, placing on the grave the flowers of affection, not as a matter of duty but as a genuine tribute of love. As years pass and that which was such a restless, aching place in the heart becomes quiet, and the healing power of time is effecting a cure of grief, it often becomes a task and then grows into a hardship and is finally abandoned, and the grave, while it is kept in good order, ceases to be festooned with flowers. This is life's history, and too often the history of our anniversaries. We have so little time to live and those who are living with us demand so much of our thought and service, that the dead can seldom hope—if after they leave us they keep on hoping—to be constantly retained in our thoughts and sit with us on anniversary days in the warm and sometimes secret place next the heart, which they occupied while in life. It is wonderful under such conditions that Christmas has come down to us through centuries and is still the brightest and most honored as well as the happiest of our anniversaries.

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What is not less peculiar is the habit of associating with this festival day and the season of jollity it introduces, a thought of death. Did you ever notice that Christmas stories are generally sad ones? The traditional carol and Christmas tale has a death scene in it; the preacher who talks to us on that day is prone to make reference to the dead. Everywhere, in sermon and story, there is a suggestion of sacrifice; through nineteen centuries the story of Christ's life and death has caused this gentle touch of sadness to creep into our mirth, and the cause of His coming and God's gift of His Son has made it the season of love, the day of gifts, of good wishes and of good will. The day has a story that loses none of its brightness by being so often told. Though it may not actually mark the time when Christ was born, it contains within its observance an evidence of the truth that this day, this monument we unveil every year was not erected to commemorate nothing, but passes down to us from that great day so many years ago a truth which in the sentiment surrounding Christmas is better told than any other fact in history, better preserved than any other tradition and has such natural lodgement in every human heart that has been softened by love, that at this season more than any other scepticism and hardness pass away and we believe in Christ and in one another.

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Sometimes on the Christmas days and New Year's days I try to remember, beginning as far back as memory will go, where I was and what I did. Even if one could remember everything with regard to these days it would be of but little interest or advantage to anyone else, yet put all the days together and how little there is outside of the sentiment that is memorable. In childish memories I can recall the fact that I longed for Christmas and that an exceedingly dyspeptic period generally followed the day. Another fact that none of us can forget is that Christmas days used to seem ages apart. After one Christmas had gone the promise of something next Christmas seemed like tantalizing us with the hope of something that was to happen after eternity had wound itself up. From Christmas to Easter was even further than the childish mind could travel in one trip. Nowadays Christmases are hardly a week apart. Yesterday our friends were gathered together at a Christmas celebration, and here they are to-day, with a few faces absent, at the same feast, and we think of next Christmas and what we will have and do, as if the preparations must be begun with the arrangements for to-morrow's dinner. In childhood there are three hundred and sixty-five million days between Christmases; in age the days are separated by New Year, Easter, the first of July, Thanksgiving Day, and there is hardly space enough to crowd these in. In fact, the time comes when there is not space enough to crowd them in, and instead of finding room for them we are crowded out of it; there is not room for us. I suppose we begin all over again in that country where there are three hundred and sixty-five million days between events, and yet the moments are filled with the contentment which makes these millions of days so short to the child's mind that has no Past and no understanding of the Future. The only glimpse I can get suggestive of the expansion of time into eternity, is the one that comes with the shortening of years and that seems to become most sharply accentuated at Christmas days, once so far apart, now so close together.

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In trying to think where we were last Christmas and the Christmas before that, and the one ten years ago, the one twenty years ago, and so on, how the changes in our circumstances obtrude themselves. Perhaps twenty years ago we were poorer, but happier; perhaps we were alone, yet not lonesome; perhaps everything, perhaps anything. Each one who sits down and thinks about it can perhaps see all the shades and temperatures of the perhaps-ing we have done from the cradle until now, and standing at this year's end of it and looking down the road we have passed over, up the hills and down into the valleys, what a little uneventful streak of dust and weariness the whole thing is.

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Have you asked yourself what Christmas you best remember? Let me suggest a method of getting something to talk about as well as something to think about. If there are a half a dozen of you together, propose that you sit still, not a word being said for ten or fifteen minutes, and then each one mark down on a slip of paper the Christmas that stands out most prominently in the memory. If it be done without a desire to be romantic or without fear of exposing something that has been put away, the experiment may or may not result in a jolly recital. It is an experiment worth trying.

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By the way, I have been trying to think which Christmas I best remember. Now here comes in the oddity of it. I suppose I have had as many reasonably happy Christmases as the majority of those who have passed through the same number of them, yet really the only one that suggests itself after a moment's thought is the Christmas day and night I spent on a trip homeward from Mexico, some fourteen or fifteen years ago. The surroundings were not grand nor the fare sumptuous. The great lonely plain covered with mesquit and sage brush, was bounded by mountains on one side and great banks of snow clouds on the other. At night I camped by El Capitan, the highest mountain in the range, a pony shivering in the snow, a dog whining to creep under the blankets and share the warmth of his master, an almost impenetrable snow storm, a few thoughts of the home so long unvisited, a sleep. It always seemed such a picture of life, mostly, perhaps, because it had so little in it except the thoughts, the fears, the hopes, the lonely rides by day, the snow, the cold, the joylessness of the night, the affection of those who did no thinking, the sleep that ended it all.

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However, I started out to advise my readers to avoid joyless thoughts and reminiscences. We have had, and can have, lots of jollity, and can make for other people, if not for ourselves, a vast amount of happiness. If there be so little in life's trip it is all the more important that we make the best of every day, taking plenty of time to pluck the flowers by the roadside, to rest in the shady places, and to dance and sing and enjoy whatever is enjoyable. By joining in with the children who have no cares, what a rollicking time we have on Christmas, and how tired and how almost wearied with pleasure and surfeited with good things are the little ones when they go to bed almost tearful because Christmas day is ended, and it will be so many, many ages before it will come again. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and many of them. DON.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cockburn gave one of the most successful teas of the season last Saturday, at her residence, 631 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Cockburn, who is one of Toronto's most charming hostesses, was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Tait, and Miss Kingsmill, who favored the guests by a vocal selection rendered in a finished manner. Amongst the numerous guests were noticed Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Mrs. Larratt-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. J. B. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton-Merritt, Mrs. Gibson Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Mayne and Miss Campbell, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Harriet Boulton, Mrs. F. M. Jarvis, Miss Brydges, the Misses Heward, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs. Edward Harris, Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mrs. E. A. Meredith, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. H. C. R. Becher, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. H. Grasett Baldwin, Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, Mrs. Durie, Mrs. Cumberland, Mr. Bickford, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. and the Misses Seymour, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin.

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Mrs. Edward Armour gave a five o'clock tea on Tuesday, for Miss Crawford of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Morton of Norway.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ffolkes left Dunside on Friday for their home at Staten Island. Mr. Ffolkes' health is quite restored.

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Mrs. Hagarty, 233 Simcoe street, gives a large five o'clock tea this afternoon.

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Major and Mrs. Foster are now settled in their new home, 185 Beverley street.

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Mrs. Foster entertained all the associates of the Toronto branch of the Girls' Friendly Society on the evening of December 8.

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The capacity of No. 202 Beverley street was taxed to its utmost to hold all the fashionables who availed themselves of Mrs. Lindsay's invitation on last Saturday afternoon. Owing to the five other "At Homes," however, the rooms were never uncomfortably filled during the afternoon. Mr. Lindsay, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Leigh and Mr. Lionel Lindsay did the honors. The Italian orchestra discoursed sweet sounds just far enough away to be heard without drowning the conversation. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adam, Mrs. J. B. Hay, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Langtry, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Edward Armour, Miss Crawford of Montreal, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. Pope, the Misses Pope, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Swabey, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wyld, Miss Wyld, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Davidson, Mrs. Miss and Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Beaty, Professor and Mrs. Vandersmissen, Mrs. J. Wright, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson and Miss Watson.

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A delightful dance was given by Mrs. Fred Walker yesterday week. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mrs. Toby, Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Walker, Mrs. I. Walker, Mr. Bert Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaleny, Miss Hutchison, Miss Florence Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Miss Irene Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. McGillivray, Miss McGillivray, Mrs. Morse, Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Carrie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, Mr. Ed. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, and Mrs. Bouch.

*

A most enjoyable afternoon tea took place on Friday of last week at the residence of Mrs. John McClung, Church street. Bright rooms prettily decorated, and some very pleasing costumes made up an attractive scene for about two hours. Among many others I noticed Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. R. J. Allan, Mrs. W. A. Young, Mrs. C. Cuthbertson, Miss Jacobi and Mrs. Ed. Cox.

*

The members of Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M., are always noted—and deservedly so—for their hospitality. When therefore I mention the fact that the Conversazione held in the Art Gallery of the Academy of Music last Thursday night, was the best ever held under the auspices of the lodge, it will likely be taken for granted that none given this season will much surpass it. The committee in charge wisely limited the number of invitations, so that while the room was nicely filled there was no overcrowding and dancing was a pleasure. The brilliant costumes of the ladies and the Masonic regalia of the members made a very pleasing spectacle in the beautifully decorated rooms of the Society of Artists. The stewards of the evening were Messrs. J. H. Knifton, A. A. S. Ardagh, Frank Qua, J. H. Domelle, L. A. McBrien, F. P. Birley, J. H. Pirie and R. A. Shutt, Mr. Harry Leeson was chairman of the committee and Mr. C. H. Riggs the secretary. The programme itself was a very handsome and appropriate one and was designed and engraved by Mr. J. L. Jones, a member of the lodge, who presented it to the committee.

*

Among those invited were: Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Collins, Mr. W. McCartney, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss A. Pirie, Mr. R. and the Misses Tuthill, Mr. J. Foote, Mr. H. and Miss Leeson, Miss M. Frazer, Mr. H. W. Briggs, Mr. C. H. Dubois, Miss Carlisle, Mr. Mathers, Miss McFarlane, Mr. H. Sintzal, Miss Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hurdley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss A. A. Alexander, Mr. B. Tinning, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. A. Trotter, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Qua, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Irwin, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Riggs, Mr. F. J. and Miss Whatmough, Mr. W. G. Quigley, Miss Wasson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pearson, Mr. Geo. Ross, Mrs. Warwick, Miss Davidson, Mr. B. Allen, Mr. F. Boxall, Miss C. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dingwall, Mr. W. H. Leeson, Miss M. Platts, Mr. W. White, Miss Noxon, Mr. J. F. Gray, Miss Platts, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Birley, Mr. J. S. Crofton, Miss Courtney, Mr. H. and Miss Frazer, Mr. R. A. Shutt, Miss C. Piddington, Miss P. Pearce, Mr. H. Bastedo, Miss N. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stone, Mr. J. McKnight, Miss McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. M. McPherson, Mr. F. J. Dixon, the Misses Stoddart, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Leslie, Mr. E. N. Poole, Miss Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. G. McAllister, Mr. Carlyle, Miss Duperou of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. J. H. Pirie, Miss Bickerstaff, Mr. and Miss McFarlane, Mr. Charles Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Hubbell, Mr. S. Cunningham, Mr. H. Coates, Mr. W. E. Meredith, Mr. G. P. Sharkey, Miss Cain, Mr. T. Lucas, Miss Kadar, Mr. F. Bryers, Mr. W. Boothe, Miss Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. J. Ausman, Mr. Woodworth, Mr. F. Burgess, Miss McFarlane and Mr. Hernon.

*

A visit from a lady well known among the Salvation Army workers is expected with great interest this evening, when Mrs. Katherine Booth-Clibborn, the eldest daughter of General Booth, will arrive in Toronto. This lady has led the van of the Army in Switzerland and Paris, and has many escapes, experiences, and successes to recount. Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, her husband and her brother-in-law, Major Percy Clibborn, have seen the inside of several prison cells, besides suffering bodily ill-treatment and every species of opposition in the prosecution of their work. The Marechale, as she is known to the Army, will hold several meetings in the Temple and one on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, in Association Hall, to which anyone desirous of hearing her thrilling account of her ten years' experience is invited. Tickets may be obtained from the Army officers and other friends.

*

Miss Thomson, of 19 North street, has returned after a most enjoyable six weeks' visit to the Misses Coldham, of Toledo, Ohio, and in London, Ont.

*

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Florence Ellis and Mr. Herbert R. Walker. The marriage will take place in St. Luke's church, on the 28th of this month, and promises to be one of the events of the season.

*

Mr. G. W. Yarker has returned from a very pleasant tour in the North-West. His family are settled at 68 D'Arcy street.

*

Mrs. Columbus Greene gave a delightful luncheon lately at her residence, St. George street. Covers were laid for twelve, and a pleasant company with a *recherche menu* combined to make a most enjoyable reunion.

*

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham was At Home to a large number of friends last Thursday week.

*

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the popular pastor on McCaul street, is, I am glad to hear, progressing favorably after her alarming illness.

*

The Royal Grenadiers will give their second

(Continued on Page Three.)

CHRISTMAS SALE

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

assembly at Webb's on Tuesday, January 12.

The approaching marriage of Mr. George Kirkpatrick and Miss May Rowell is announced. The ceremony will take place at Winnipeg.

The French Club meet this evening at Dr. Graham's residence, corner of Church and Gerrard streets.

A number of pleasant lunch parties have been given during the past week.

The regular meeting of the Tourists took place at the residence of the president on Tuesday, December 8, at two p.m. The meeting was attended by all but one member, and papers were read upon the Life of Inhabitants of Canada, United States, Scotland, France, South America, Russia, and several other countries. Subject of next discussion, France.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne of Brantford and Miss Musson of Cayuga, who have been the guests of Miss Milligan of Sherbourne street, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Brophy of Winnipeg are to spend the winter in Toronto at the Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance are also at the Arlington.

The Little Workers' Society hold their Christmas bazaar in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital at the residence of Mrs. Thomson, 19 North street, from two to five o'clock this afternoon.

Miss McGill, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel McGill of the Royal Military College, Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. T. H. Roberts, 242 College street.

Mr. D. Hanchett of New York will spend the holiday season with his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Anderson of 574 Sherbourne street.

Last week Miss Fowler, who has been for some weeks visiting her aunt, Mrs. Reesor, Ingleneuk, Rusholme road, returned to her home in Kingston.

Mrs. Lightbourn of 209 Beverley street sailed from New York on Thursday for Bermuda, where she will spend the winter.

Major Vidal left a few days ago on leave for Montreal.

On Wednesday, December 16, Miss Taylor was united in marriage with Mr. Arthur Dover. The wedding, which was a very quiet one owing to the illness of the bride's father, took place at his residence on Foxley street. Only a few guests, the nearest relatives of both families, were present.

This week Dr. Lowe, who has for some time occupied 36 Grove avenue, moved to his new residence on the corner of Shaw and Halton streets.

On December 10 Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson had a small dance for some of their young friends at their house on Churchill avenue.

On Friday last the Toronto Canoe Club gave their annual dinner at McConkey's. There was a large attendance of members. The various toasts were warmly responded to and the speeches by the officers, past and present, met with much applause. All agreed that the festive gathering was a great and enjoyable success.

At Mrs. Lindsey's At Home I noticed some pretty afternoon toilettes, especially that worn by Mrs. J. D. Hay of gray henrietta cloth trimmed with handsome steel passementerie, and a large gray felt hat, the crown covered by little soft gray feathers dotted with steel. Also Mrs. Hetherington's handsome black silk, trimmed with jet, opening in front over a pleated panel of soft heliotrope silk, the puffs at the top of the sleeves and the full underwaist being of the same delicate shade. Mrs. Lindsey's black silk with gray panels was much admired.

On Friday evening last the president and members of the Wycliffe College Literary Association gave a large student's' At Home in their new building. There were a great number of guests, who thronged the halls and lecture-rooms, the corridors and sitting rooms of the handsome college, and listened delightedly to the excellent musical entertainment provided for them.

Mr. Arthur Friedheim, the great pianist who visited the city last week, was the guest of Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

A very interesting lecture was delivered on Monday afternoon, under the auspices of the Modern Languages Club, at the University, by Professor George Coutellier. The subject chosen was the Government Schools of France, and was handled with the ability and animation which characterize all M. Coutellier's platform utterances. This gentleman has kindly promised a treat of a similar kind to the French Club this evening, when he will give a sketch of Parisian theaters and their stars.

The president and Mrs. T. H. Clougher entertained the members of the Vantage Lawn Tennis Club and friends at their residence on Grenville street, Thursday evening of last week, when a delightful evening was enjoyed by those present. Miss Cochrane, Miss Campbell, and Messrs. G. and A. Douglas assisted in rendering an entertaining musical programme, after which the president called on the secretary to give a short *resume* of the work during the past season. The report showed that the club—which, by the way, is one of the oldest in Canada—had enrolled thirty-eight members during the year, and that the finances were in a satisfactory condition. The president (who might well be called the father of tennis in Toronto, he having imported the first set used in the city) then gave an interesting history of the club from its inception up to the present date. The event of the evening then took place, viz., the presentation of the championship prizes for the club tournament which had excited so much interest among the members during the season. Four prizes had been offered for competition, two by the honorary president for gentlemen's singles, and two by the officers of the club for ladies' singles. Mr. R. Jaffray, the honorary president, then presented each of the winners with a very fine Wright & Ditson tennis racket, Mr. R. C. Sinclair securing first, and Mr. R. L. Johnston second in the men's, and Miss M. A. Smith, first, and Miss E. Flaws second in the ladies' singles. After the presentation a new game, called Hidden Flowers, was introduced for the first time on this continent and proved very captivating. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing, after which the gathering broke up highly pleased with the programme provided.

On last Wednesday evening in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, a number of Mr. Torrington's advanced students gave proof of their proficiency in the rendering of an exacting programme. The organists showed great skill in technique and registration, revealing in their work the master hand of their instructor. The work of the pianists was remarkable for musicianly interpretation as well as for clearness in technique, the former quality being the more rare in these days of piano study. Miss Snarr is a most pleasing singer. Her voice, one of great sweetness, has evidently been carefully trained. The elocutionist of the evening, Miss Marguerite Dunn, won all hearts by her charming recitations.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Organ Offertoire	B Minor	Batiste
Vocal (Bass)	MISS SULLIVAN Out in the Deep	Lohr
Concertante, Duo, (Two Pianos)	MR. BURT Bellisario	Goria
	MISS MCLAUGHLIN AND MISS DRASH	
Organ	a O Sanctissima, b Finale 1st Sonata	Lux Guilmant
Vocal (Soprano)	MR. BURDEN. When Daylight Sets	Lonsdil
	MISS SNARR	

PART II.

Reading	The Gypsy Flower Girl	Ed. L. McDowell
	MISS MARGUERITE DUNN	
Concertante, Duo, (Two Pianos)	Chaconne	Raff
	MISS CLARK AND MISS SULLIVAN	
Organ	a Con Moto Moderato, en Forme d'Ouverture b Toccata and Fugue in D minor	Smart Bach
	MRS. WEEKS CHURCH	
Organ (Overture)	Oberon	Weber
	MISS CLARK	

Christmas is a festal reminder of the psalmist's question, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" It is also the answer, for it is the day upon which He gave us His only and beloved Son.

The West End Amateur Dramatic Club are preparing a second presentation of their two-act drama, The Last Song. The characters will be impersonated by some of the best amateur talent in Toronto. In the cast are well known names: Mr. G. Donaldson, Mr. F. Holland, Messrs. H. and E. Read, Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, Miss Lowlar, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. G. Donaldson. Mr. Gerald Donaldson deserves great credit for the able manner in which he conducted the first entertainment of the club.

With softening memories of the past and uplifting hopes for the future, how can the man that He has made but a little lower than the angels forget that angel that is in him, the mystery of love which is his possible crown of glory and honor?

Among the men bound up from the first with the business history of Toronto, none are better known than the late John Kay, who died on Wednesday morning. During all the years of Toronto's growth as a city, and of her ever-increasing prosperity, his has been a name known to all. He came to Toronto as a young man and started business upwards of fifty years ago, and the ever-multiplying profits of that business have always been devoted to the good of this city. No man could be broader in his philanthropy than he, and rare, indeed, is the charitable cause that did not count him a friend and supporter. A staunch member of the Presbyterian church, his friends numbered thousands in all denominations. He died at the goodly age of seventy-five, and Toronto has lost a citizen, publicly and personally most estimable.

Mr. J. W. Bengough's lecture in Association Hall last week was well attended and the entertainment was an exceedingly artistic one. I thought as I watched the drawing of the cartoons and heard the singing and saw the witty sketches, of the truth of the old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Bengough is not unhonored in Canada, but I do not think he is appreciated. In New York, where his work is known, he is esteemed as one of the leading caricaturists of the world. In Canada we are apt to consider anything or anybody of our own nation to be of an inferior sort. In the whole range of my acquaintance there is no one so artistically versatile as Bengough. He is a mixture of the character actor, the burlesque singer, the newspaper writer and the cartoonist. His weakest point is that when he undertakes the tragic or heroic his voice is not adapted to the work. He is a funmaker, and I wonder that he has remained so long in Canada or been content with the small measure of applause he has received from Canadians.

A very charming dance was given at the Art Gallery by the Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty on Tuesday last. Needless to remark that the evening's arrangements were of the most perfect description, and that Toronto's four hundred enjoyed to the full the always gracious hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Beatty.

A Christmas sale of useful and fancy articles will be held at the Ladies' Work Depository, 49 King street west, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of Christmas week, when all sorts of pretty things suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents can be bought. Admission free.

Mrs. Wilkes of 118 Bloor street east gave a delightful tea on Wednesday last. The Italian

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

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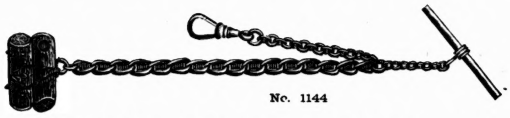

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English Pattern Colored Gold Brooch set with Brilliant White Stone, $2.00

No. 45
Fern Pattern, Colored Gold with Brilliant White Stone, $2.00

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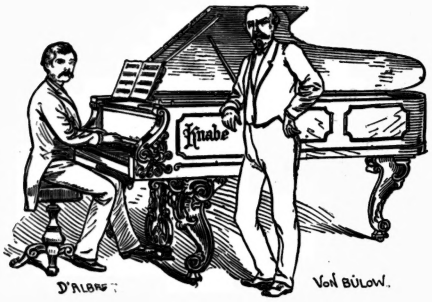

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Mental Telegraphy.

THAT article of Mark Twain's in the Christmas Harper's has set us all scouring our brains to find instances of the same phenomena in our own experience. With myself it is unnecessary to search at all for, it has been my good luck to have an occult experience of such dimensions as to materially affect my happiness for life. It is about a year now since the "psychic projection," or whatever my Blavatskyite friends call it, took place, and it was on last Christmas eve that the culminating result of the magic's manifestation took place. I had been trying to think out a story, nominally a Christmas one; one that could mention Christmas at the start and be in the balance of its action practically a summer story; or one that might start with an introduction at Thanksgiving and end with an engagement at Christmas; or a "kid" story, with a little boy in it, who by praying judiciously got Santa Claus to put something in his stocking; or a Christmas ghost story, with a real old-fashioned manor-haunting ghost; or better still, a ghost of modern cut, who might wear good clothes instead of a shroud, and fine jewelry instead of rusty chains, a ghost who walked in daylight; in short, any style of story to be labelled "Christmas." But it was "no go." No "center" would come. I had glimmerings, though, of what would be a beautiful story; a study from life, in fact, but I felt that I was too young; I did not know enough about the woman heart to write it. Perhaps had I been less conscientious, less anxious for absolute truth in delineating my vague heroine's character, I might have rushed off a watery story and got five dollars for it somewhere, but I felt that so slight a story as the one glimmering in my mind must be remarkable for its truth to be worth reading, and I did not care to write a story which was not. To make anything of the story I would have to have a collaborator, a lady if possible, and as I thought more on the subject I decided that there was one young lady, a Miss Gladys May, who would make the best possible collaborator for my story. In fact, I made up my mind that she was my only possible collaborator.

I had not thought of Miss Gladys for months. She was traveling in Europe the last time I had heard of her and I did not know where she was now. Then, certain circumstances forbade my seeking her out. I was sensitive about Miss Gladys, and I felt sure that if I made even the most casual inquiry as to her whereabouts somebody would inform her that I was seeking her out, and she would place an altogether erroneous meaning on any advances of mine or any request of mine that she should embark with me in a literary enterprise. Still I could not help wishing that something might happen which would render the thing feasible, for the part of the story or life study I should expect to write was very dear to me. I tried to discourage myself, to assure myself that the story could never be written. Miss Gladys was not a literary young lady. She had never written anything that I knew of since she was sixteen years old. She used to write stories then, to be sure, but she never would show them to me, and I had been told that they were not strokes of genius. But still I decided to write out my part of the story in skeleton, to be filled in later.

On the night of the day of my cogitations, I went to an At Home given by a lady I had met some three or four months before, and who was ambitious that her entertainments should have a literary atmosphere. Now, it has been my habit to celebrate the charms of many imaginary damsels in fanciful newspaper verses, and so I ranked as a literary man and was willing to lend my prestige to such a feast of salad and flow of small talk. My hostess at once took me in hand and said she had reserved me for a young lady who had just returned from Europe and whom I would be delighted to meet, and I was forthwith presented to Miss Gladys May.

Now, it was embarrassing to meet Miss Gladys so and I felt much fear of a freeze-out, but to my delight, although a little shy at first, the young lady was quite cordial, and all stiffness passed off when I gradually gave the conversation a literary turn, and from Besant and Rice's novels we passed to the mysteries of collaboration. Miss Gladys said that she had great ambition to write but was unequal to sustained literary effort, and thought that in collaboration with somebody of sympathetic temperament and of some practical ability as a pen-worker, she could create her share of most delicious joint stories.

"Why," said I, "I have in my mind this moment parts of a story which, could I complete it, I am sure would attract much attention. But I must have a collaborator, a lady. Men are all too ignorant of a woman's heart, and," said I, growing warmer, "why should you not collaborate with me?"

"Why," she replied with a blush, "it was but this morning that I thought of a fine story which a man with his wide experience could write with me. And if you'll believe it your name occurred to me."

I made an appointment to call upon her next day to get some particulars of her story and to impart mine. In witness of the truth of the theory of telegraphy, I found that her skeleton filled up the gaps in mine.

We had many interviews, but the writing progressed slowly. The most important interview took place a year ago next Thursday evening, Christmas eve. That night I started to write at her dictation, but, somehow or other, little work was done. A fellow can't write when he has both arms about his beloved. The story was completed and awaits publication in an American magazine. When it appears you must read it. The most interesting thing about it is, perhaps, that it is the story of ourselves, Gladys and——

TOUCHSTONE.

The Old Village Choir.

"THE material raw and unkempt and needing much pains to lick into shape," could be easily gathered in every community where a church was built. The service was always gratuitous. It was considered an honor to sing in the choir and in those days it didn't need much voice to be able to run the scale of do, re, mi, and power to screech was often quite as acceptable as a musical tone. But the singer must know a correct tempo. He or she might sing out of tune, but it was not permissible to sing out of time. There was a stern-visaged precentor, or master of the choir, who, tuning-fork in hand, stood in awful majesty in the front row, and his sol-fa-mi re-do was the signal for the choir to clear throats and begin to get ready. In those good old days of evening meeting "at early candle-light, God willing," or as the classic dominie worded it, *Deo volente*, there were no contralto or soprano voices. Then the leader picked up the key note with a fork.

"And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song."

There were only the tenor and treble, counter and bass, and the girls' voices were nowhere in the classification except that they carried the air. Was it melody? The congregation thought so, probably, because every one in it had the privilege of singing with the choir and drowning it out with a volume of sound.

In those days the elder lined out the hymns. In a high nasal tone the good deacon recited in a sing-song the hymn for the occasion, and he couldn't spoil the hymn in reading it any more than the choir could spoil it in singing it—although our choirs of to-day would smile audibly at the old meeting-house music of the past. But what earthly voice with its self-conscious inflections is fit to sing that grand anthem of our forefathers' worship:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground."

Then came in the tenor:

"The Angel of-"

Then the bass thundered:

"The Angel of"

Then the counter:

"The Lord came down,"

And the choir

"And g-l-o-r-y shone around."

This was the fugue or contrapuntal style, where all parts of the tune respond to each other, and which was the most effective singing known in that simple service of song.

And it is a question if that grand prelude to the heavenly music was ever sung better or more acceptably by the mezzo sopranos and basso-profundos of the modern choir, with their quavers and trills on the high C's of musical craft.

I had a funny story told me about the dear bigoted old choir singer of that day, which shows with what extreme and jealous caution they watched the slightest innovation on local customs. Someone had gone on a journey fifty or sixty miles distant, and his safe return had been made a subject of prayer. When he came he was full of queer notions imbibed in the "ta-o-w-n" which he had visited. Among other things, he had the audacity to tell the choir that there was a new way of pronouncing words, and that "shone" was pronounced "shon." There was an immediate revolt, and the old deacon sternly asked how it would sound to hear the line:

"And glory shone around—" read "shon around."

"It be too rediklious, brethren and sistern, to contemplate," and the young man meekly subsided into his shell.

Quaint anecdotes linger in the atmosphere of that vanishing past. One old dominie went into the pulpit and, opening his hymn book by the light of a guttering tallow dip, looked at the congregation and said, with due solemnity:

"I fear mine eyes are growing dim; I cannot see to read this hymn."

To his surprise the deacon at once lined it to the congregation:

"I fear mine eyes are growing dim;
I cannot see to read this hymn."

When the choir had sung that, the minister attempted to explain. Said he:

"I did not mean that for the hymn. I only said mine eyes were dim."

Again the deacon lined it, and again the choir sang the astonishing new version.

The unfortunate dominie, believing himself to be possessed with a devil of versification, bawled out in desperation:

"You fools, why will you sing that hymn? I said mine eyes were growing dim."

As he heard this set to music, he rushed out of the sacred edifice and went home after his spectacles.

All the pretty girls of the country villages were in the choir. All the courting was done there. They were rosy lips that sung "Old Hundred and Corinth, and China and Mear.

The ribbons of those big scoop bonnets and sky-scrapers fluttered in the breeze that came in through the royal window, scented with the new-mown hay, and sweet-brier with roses that grew on the graves outside. The choir was the attraction to all except the old people of that day, who were never quite willing to concede any good thing to inexperienced youth, and to whom the big viol was an innovation of the evil one.

But the stranger who strayed into the old meeting house caring naught for the "first" or "fifthly" of the prosy sermon, looked up at the choir, and at once there was a dove like flutter of ribbons and hymn books, and oh, what saucy, piquant earthliness was revealed in the demure faces of the choir sisterhood.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born,'
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

"Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee."

The precentor, too, has gone with the old choir. He was often an ignorant, bigoted, self-assertive man, but he belonged to that dear domestic age of simplicity and good-fellowship. There are stories told of him, too. It is said that a noted city preacher went to a village to officiate over Sunday, and was called upon by the precentor of the choir, who said to him:

"First we sings four or five varses; then you prays, not long; then we sings again, and you says a few words, and we sings again. You see, in our meetin's we gives a good bit of time to the singing. Ah, that's Heaven, sir—all singing and no preaching or praying—that's a pleasant thought to me, sir."

"I also have a pleasant thought about Heaven," said the good minister, "and it is that you will not be precentor there."

And yet it is true, as Herbert says, that a hymn well sung

"May catch him who a sermon flies."

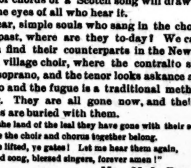
The truth is that in the old times the choir was the mouthpiece of the congregation. Everybody sang, from the lisping child to the white-haired grandparent, and the music gave expression to all the self-repression, the unspoken desires, the cry for light beyond, which were the stronger emotions of that age. The power and pathos of that singing often reached to the sublime, just as to-day the plaintive minor chords of a Scotch song will draw tears to the eyes of all who hear it.

Dear, simple souls who sang in the choirs of the past, where are they to-day? We cannot even find their counterparts in the New England village choir, where the contralto scorns the soprano, and the tenor looks askance at the basso and the fugue is a traditional method o song. They are all gone now, and their histories are buried with them.

"To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,
Where the choir and chorus together belong.
Oh, be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again,
Blessed song, blessed singers, forever amen!"

MRS. M. L. BAYNE.

Going to a Bad End.



Looking Both Ways.

Mrs. Backup—Before we were married, you called me your "black-eyed houri."

Backup—Yes; and my little blue-eyed, freckled, red-haired darling didn't murmur a protest.

Gowns and Garnitures.

GREAT many pretty gowns have been designed for society people in Toronto this winter. One I noticed at an event last week was made of the most lovely pink and silver brocade, *en princesse* and *decollete*. The plain breadths were opened up the back to show a cunning little pleated train of plain silk, and the only trimming was a few dainty folds, *en berthe*, of pink crepe. The perfect fit was the chief charm of this elegant little robe, and as it was worn by a figure that had nothing to dread from simplicity of gowning, it was a fair sight to look at.

Another gown of an entirely opposite *mode* was a plum-colored cloth, trimmed with a narrow edge of astrachan and black and gold cording. The coat was decorated with loops of cord in Hussar jacket style and cut out in long square tabs below the hips. It looked rich and warm, and is to be worn with a dainty cloth bonnet smothered in fine French blush roses. This handsome costume was designed for a stately blonde rather inclined to *embonpoint*, and scores another success for the clever modiste who is credited with its arrangement.

Ladies always seem to take an absorbing interest in the stage costumes of popular actresses. Here is one that they may witness next week, when they go to see Captain Therese at the Grand. The dress is made of heavy corded silk of deep old-rose color. It is made as severely plain as the dress of the period—the Elizabethan—will admit. With this dress Miss Huntington wears a long Spanish cloak, which is very liable to attract considerable attention. It was designed, to a great extent, by Miss Huntington herself, who caught the idea from an old Spanish painting. The cloak is made of white *crepe de chine* of a beautiful quality. It is lined with a pale sea green silk. It is a real Spanish cloak in make, so full that when the corners are thrown over the shoulders and hang down the back, the cloak hanging from the shoulders still leaves graceful folds in front and drapes beautifully. Yet this garment is so fine in texture and so soft that it can almost be drawn through a lady's bracelet. When worn in such a way as to bring the delicate pale green facing back over the white, and with the hood on the head, it makes the most bewitching drapery a woman could possibly array herself in. It is more than likely that these Huntington cloaks may catch the fancy of some of our fashionables, and become the *mode* for going to opera and ball.

That sounds picturesque and becoming, and in the third act Miss Huntington will show us such a sweet creation as this. The material is of heavy brocade of alternate wide satin stripes and flowers in the purest shell salmon pink. On this lovely groundwork are scattered posies of gold and silver of the most chaste and delicate pattern. These produce the effect Miss Huntington desired to secure, that of giving life to the gown as she moved about the stage. The neck has a new cut. It is square, only the corners are cut away near the arm. The collar is a large Elizabethan of white lace, with pink topaz stones scattered thickly over it. The sleeves are of white puffed silk, with pink straps, and numberless yards of cobweb lace gathered in rich graduated folds fall just below the elbow.

A pretty fancy for home morning dresses, which I have remarked on some handsome and original sisters lately returned from Europe, is a sort of modified Dutch costume. The ankle skirt is of a soft, dim-tinted woollen goods, blue, brown or green, sometimes garnet or soft gray. It is gathered to a waist cut like a very high corslet with shoulder straps, and worn over a guimpe, and has sleeves of soft cashmere or silk in a very pale shade, or delicate contrast to the overdress. Sometimes the girdle or silver-chased belt is worn with these comfortable and becoming house gowns, and occasionally the prettiest of the sisters sports a set of dangling chatelaines which sustain a perfect menagerie of little silver pigs, cats, birds, and uncouth forms, and also a scissors, needle case, and a thimble inside an enamelled acorn.

A beautiful little Christmas bonnet is edged with prickly holly leaves, and the warm soft green velvet crown supports a cascade of green tips powdered with frost and pinned with long crystal icicles. A pale oval-faced brunette is to wear this dainty *chapeau*, and I hope it won't disturb the devotions of her neighbors. It goes with a gown of green-faced cloth, edged with gray fox, and a pair of gray kid gloves with tiny silver buttons. There is a finishing touch being made ready for this rich lady's Christmas in the selection of a chaste Russia leather case of prayer and hymn books with her monogram on it in old silver raised letters, and which shows a thoughtfulness and taste on the part of her better-half, which is as rare as it is delightful among the sterner sex.

Lovely to wear is the new flat skirt, of bias material, lined throughout with silk and finished under the hem with a scant ruffle of silk. It is all in one piece, a modification of the bell skirt, and fitted round the waist with gently graded gores. This skirt is the model above all others for the foundation skirts of silk and satin worn under the modish silk lace, embroidered *chiffon*, and dotted net gowns which are the rage for young folk this season. I hope next week to have some news about some laces which I have been promised a peep at as soon as they are out of the Custom house.

LA MODE.

Spiteful.

She—Are you going to Amy Barr's coming-out ball?

He—Coming out ball?

She—Yes; her *debut*.

He—Why, she's been going around for at least three years!

She—I know it, but this is her first ball.

He—Then why not call it the Opening of a Chestnut Burr?

Frightened.

Mother (reading)—A machine has been invented that will fling a man about fifteen hundred feet into the air.

Pretty Daughter—Horrors! Don't let pa hear of it.

The Usual Style.

Stranger—I believe you are connected with the Twenty-third National Bank.

Gentleman—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Will you be kind enough to tell me something about the financial standing of the institution?

Gentleman—Well, really, I'm afraid I can't. I'm simply a director, you know.

A Cheap Trip to the Pacific Coast.

On December 30 an excursion will be run from Toronto to the Pacific coast, via the C. P. R., and any of our readers contemplating the journey are strongly recommended to avail themselves of this splendid opportunity. The C. P. R., in arranging this excursion, have done all in their power to promote the comfort and convenience of the passenger, as a glance at the elegantly-fitted tourist sleeping cars—built specially for this service—will testify. They are furnished with a regular outfit, similar to their first-class sleeper, having upper and lower berths, which are adjustable, forming the most comfortable beds at night time and easy seats during the day. For every particular apply to W. R. CALLAWAY, 118 King street west.

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Boas, Canadian Coon, $7.50.
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Brown Coney Collars, $3.
Black Opossum, $3.65.
American Opossum, $5.
Baltic Seal, $5 50.
Russian Sable, $6.

In muffs the range is decidedly large.

Red Fox, $1; Goat, $1 25; Black Coney, $1 50.
Opossum, $2 75; Nutria, $3.75; Coon, $4.25.
Baltic Seal, $3.25; Russian Sable, $5.

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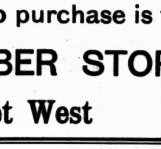

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THE CLOAK.

(From the Russian of Nikolai Gogol.)

CHAPTER II.

THE THEFT.

Akakiy Akakievitch went out into the street as if in a dream. "Such an affair!" he said to himself: "I did not think it would be found in the end then after a pause, he added, "Well, so it is! see what it has come to at last! and I never imagined that it was so!" Then followed a long silence, after which he exclaimed, "Well, so it is! see what already—nothing unexpected that it would be nothing—what a strange circumstance!" So saying, instead of going home, he went in exactly the opposite direction without himself suspecting it. On the way, a chimney-sweep bumped up against him and blackened his shoulder, and a whole hatful of rubbish landed on him from the top of a house which was building. He did not notice it; and only when he ran against a watchman, who, having planted his halberd beside him, was shaking some snuff from his box into his horny hand, did he recover himself a little, and that because the watchman said, "Why are you poking yourself into a man's very face? Haven't you the pavement?" This caused him to look about him, and turn toward home.

There only, he finally began to collect his thoughts, and to survey his position in its clear and actual light, and to argue with himself, sensibly and frankly, as with a reasonable friend, with whom one can discuss private and personal matters. "No," said Akakiy Akakievitch, "it is impossible to reason with Petrovitch now; he is that—evidently, his wife has been beating him. I'd better go to him on Sunday morning; after Saturday night he will be a little cross-eyed and sleepy, for he will want to get drunk, and his wife won't give him any money; and at such a time, a ten-kopek piece in his hand will—he will become more fit to reason with, and then the cloak, and that ——" Thus argued Akakiy Akakievitch with himself, regained his courage and waited until the first Sunday, when seeing from afar that Petrovitch's wife had left the house, he went straight to him.

Petrovitch's eye was, indeed, very much askew after Saturday's fête; his head drooped, and he was very sleepy; but for all that, as soon as he knew what it was a question of, it seemed as though Satan jogged his memory. "In possible, said he, "please to order a new one." Thereupon Akakiy Akakievitch handed over the ten kopek piece, and added, "I say, will drink your good health," said Petrovitch; "but as for the cloak, don't trouble yourself about it; it is good for nothing. I will make you a capital new one, so let us settle about it now."

Akakiy Akakievitch was still for mending it; but Petrovitch would not hear of it, and said, "I shall certainly have to make you a new one, and you may depend upon it that I shall do my best. It may even be, as I have hinted, that the collar can be fastened by silver hooks under a flap."

Then Akakiy Akakievitch saw that it was impossible to get along without a new cloak, and his spirit sank utterly. How, in fact, was it to be done? Where was the money to come from? He might, to be sure, reckon on that upon his present at Christmas; but that money had long been allotted beforehand. He must have some new trousers, a debt of long standing to the shoemaker for putting new tops to his old boots, and he must order three shirts from the seamstress, and a couple of pieces of linen. In short, all his money must be spent; and even if the director should be so kind as to order him to receive forty-five rubles instead of forty, or even fifty, it would be a mere nothing, a mere drop in the ocean toward the funds necessary for a cloak; although he knew that Petrovitch would be wrong-headed enough to blurt out some outrageous price, so that even his own wife could not refrain from exclaiming: "Have you lost your senses, you fool? Take a one-ruble note, wou'd not work at any price, and now it was quite likely that he had named a higher sum than the cloak would cost.

But although he knew that Petrovitch would undertake to make a cloak for eighty rubles, still, where was he to get the eighty rubles from? He might possibly manage half; yes, half might be procured, but how was the other half to come? But the reader must first be told where the first half came from, and Akakievitch had a habit of putting, for every ruble he spent, a groschen into a small box, fastened with lock and key, and with a slit in the top for the reception of money. At the end of every half-year he counted over the heap of coppers, and changed it for silver. This he had done for a long time, and in the course of years the sum had mounted up to over forty rubles. Thus he had one half on hand; but where was he to find the other half? Where was he to get another forty rubles from? Akakiy Akakievitch thought and thought, and decided that it would be necessary to curtail his ordinary expenses, for the space of one year at least, to dispense with tea in the evening; to burn no candles, and, if there was anything which he must do, to go into his landlady's room and work by her light. When he went into the street he must walk as lightly as he could, and as cautiously, upon the stones, almost on tiptoe, in order not to wear his heels down in too short a time; he must give the laundress as little to wash as possible; and, in order not to wear out his clothes, he must take them off as soon as he got home, and wear only his cotton dressing-gown, which had been long and carefully saved.

To tell the truth, it was a little hard for him at first to accustom himself to these deprivations; but he got used to them at length, after a fashion, and all went smoothly. He even got used to being hungry in the evening, but he made up for it by treating himself, so to say, in spirit, by bearing ever in mind the idea of his future cloak. From that time forth, his existence seemed to become, in some way, fuller, as if he were married, or as if some other man lived in him, as if in fact, he were not alone, and some pleasant friend had consented to travel along life's path with him, the friend being no other than the cloak, with its ink wadding and a strong lining incapable of wearing out. He became more lively, and even his character grew firmer, like that of a man who has made up his mind, and set himself a goal. From his face and gait, doubt and indecision, all hesitating and wavering traits disappeared of themselves. Fire glanced in his eyes, and occasionally the boldest and most daring ideas flitted through his mind; why not, for instance, have marten fur on the collar? The thought of this almost made him absent-minded. Once, in copying a letter, he nearly made a mistake, so that he exclaimed almost aloud, "I'll!" and crossed himself. Once in the course of every month he had a conference with Petrovitch on the subject of the cloak, when it would be better to buy the cloth, and the color, and the price. He always returned home satisfied, though troubled, reflecting that the time would come at when it could all be bought, and then the cloak made.

The affair progressed more briskly than he had expected. For beyond all his hopes, the director awarded neither forty nor forty-five rubles for Akakiy Akakievitch's share, but sixty. Whether he suspected that Akakiy Akakievitch needed a cloak, or whether it was merely chance; at all events, twenty extra rubles were by this means provided. This circumstance has end another year of three months more of hunger and Akakiy Akakievitch had accumulated about eighty rubles. His heart, generally so quiet, began to throb. On the first possible day, he went shopping in company with Petrovitch. They bought some very good cloth, and at a reasonable rate too, for they had been considering the matter for six months, and rarely let a month pass without their visiting the shops to inquire prices. Petrovitch himself said that no better cloth could be had. For lining, they selected a cotton stuff, but so firm and thick, that Petrovitch declared it to be better than silk, and even praised it for more glossy. They did not buy the marten fur, because it was, in fact, dear, but in its stead, they picked out the very best of cat skin which could be found in the shop, and which might, indeed, be taken for marten at a distance.

Petrovitch worked at the cloak two whole weeks, for there was a great deal of quilting; otherwise it would have been finished sooner. He charged twelve rubles for the job, it could not possibly have been done for less. It was all sewed with silk, in small, double seams; and Petrovitch went over each seam afterward with his own teeth.

It was—it is difficult to say precisely on what day, but probably the most glorious one in Akakiy Akakievitch's life, when Petrovitch at length brought home the cloak. He brought it early in the morning, before the hour when it was necessary to start for the department. Never did a cloak arrive so exactly in the nick of time; for the severe cold had set in, and it seemed to threaten to increase. Petrovitch brought the cloak himself as befits a good tailor. On his countenance was a significant expression, such as Akakiy Akakievitch had never beheld there. He seemed fully sensible that he had done no small deed, and crossable, gulf separating tailors who only put in linings and execute repairs, from those who make new things. He took the cloak out of the pocket-handkerchief in which he had brought it. The handkerchief was fresh from the laundress, and he put it in his pocket for use. Taking out the cloak, he gazed proudly at it, held it up with both hands, and flung it skilfully over the shoulders of Akakiy Akakievitch. Then he pulled it and fitted it down behind with his hand, and he draped it around Akakiy Akakievitch without buttoning it. Akakiy Akakievitch, like an experienced man, wished to try the sleeves. Petrovitch helped him on with them, and it turned out that the sleeves were satisfactory also. In short, the cloak appeared to be perfect, and most seasonable. Petrovitch did not neglect to observe that it was only because he lived in a narrow street, and had no signboard, and had known Akakiy Akakievitch so long that he had made it so cheaply; but that if he had been in business on the Nevsky Prospect, he would have charged seventy-five rubles for the making alone. Akakiy Akakievitch did not care to argue this point with Petrovitch. He paid him, thanked him, and set out at once in his new cloak for the department. Petrovitch followed him, and, pausing in the street, gazed long at the cloak in the distance, after which he went to one side and, by a short run through a crooked alley, and emerge again into the street beyond to gaze once more upon the cloak from another point, namely, directly in front.

Meantime Akakiy Akakievitch went on in holiday mood. He was conscious, every second of the time, that he had a new cloak on his shoulders; and several times he laughed with internal satisfaction. In fact, there were two advantages, one was its warmth; the other the beauty. He saw nothing of the road, he suddenly found himself at the department. He took off his cloak in the anteroom, looked it over carefully, and confided it to the especial care of the attendant. It is impossible to say precisely how it was that every one in the department knew at once that Akakiy Akakievitch had a new cloak, and that the "capes" no longer existed. All rushed at the same moment into the anteroom, to inspect it. They congratulated him, and said pleasant things to him, so that he at first began to smile, and then to grow ashamed. When all surrounded him, and said that the new cloak must be "christened," and that he must give a whole evening at least to this, Akakiy Akakievitch lost his head completely, and did not know where he stood, what to answer, or how to get out of it. He stood blushing all over for several minutes, and was on the point of assuring them with simplicity that it was not a new cloak, that it was so and so, that it was in fact the old "cape.

At length one of the officials, a sub-chief probably, in order to show that he was not at all proud, and on good terms with his inferiors, said, "So be it, only I will give the party instead of you, if you promise, that the evening I go to tea with me to-night; it happens quite *a propos*, as it is my name-day." The officials naturally at once offered the subaltern their congratulations, and accepted the invitation with pleasure. Akakiy Akakievitch would have declined; but all declared that it was discourteous, that it was simply a sin and a shame, and that he could not possibly refuse. Besides, the notion became pleasant to him enough when he reflected that he should thereby have a chance of wearing his new cloak in the evening also.

That whole day was truly a most triumphant festival day for Akakiy Akakievitch. He returned home in the most happy frame of mind, took off his cloak, and hung it carefully on the wall, admiring the stuff and the lining. Then he brought out his old, worn-out cloak for comparison. He looked at it and laughed, so droll was the difference, and it long after dinner he laughed again when the condition of the "cape" recurred to his mind. He dined cheerfully, and after dinner wrote nothing, but took his ease for a little while on the bed, until it got dark. Then he dressed himself leisurely, put on his cloak, and stepped out into the street. Where the host lived, unfortunately, we cannot say; our memory begins to fail us badly, and the houses and streets in St. Petersburg have become so mixed up in our head that it is very difficult to get anything out of it again in proper form. This much is certain, that the official lived in the best part of the city, and therefore it must have been anything but near to Akakiy Akakievitch's residence. Akakiy Akakievitch was not obliged to traverse a kind of wilderness of deserted, dimly-lighted streets, but in proportion as he approached the official's quarter of the city, the streets became more lively, more populous, and more brilliantly illuminated. Pedestrians began to appear; handsomely dressed ladies were more frequent in sleighs with beaver collars; sleighs with bells to their coats; peasant wagoners, with their grate-like sledges stuck over with brass-headed nails, became rarer; while on the other hand, more and more drivers of fast trotters, with enclosed sledges and bear-skin coats began to appear, and carriages with rich hammer-cloths flew swiftly through the streets, their wheels crunching the snow. Akakiy Akakievitch gazed upon all this as upon a novel sight. He had been long in the streets during the evening for years. He halted out of curiosity before a shop window, to look at a picture representing a handsome woman, who had thrown off her slipper, and was pushing her foot in a very pretty way, while behind her the head of a man with whiskers and a handsome mustache peeped from the door of another room. Akakiy Akakievitch shook his head and laughed, and then went on his way. Why did he laugh? Because he had met with a thing utterly unknown, but for which every one nevertheless, some sort of feeling; or else he thought, like many officials, as follows: "Oh, these French! What is to be said? If they do go in anything of that sort, why—But possibly he did not think at all.

Akakiy Akakievitch at length reached the house in which the sub-chief lived in fine style; the staircase was lit by a lamp, his apartment being on the second floor. On entering the vestibule Akakiy Akakievitch behold a whole row of galoshes on the floor. Among them, in the center of the room, stood a samovar or tea-urn, humming, and emitting clouds of steam. On the walls hung all sorts of coats and cloaks, among which there were even some with beaver collars or velvet facings. Beyond, the buzz of conversation was audible, and became clear and loud when the servant came out with a trayful of empty glasses, cream jugs and sugar bowls. It was evident that the officials had arrived long before, and had already finished their first glass of tea.

Akakiy Akakievitch, having hung up his own cloak, entered the inner room. Before him all at once appeared lights, officials, pipes, and card tables, and he was bewildered by a sound of rapid conversation rising from all the tables, and the noise of moving chairs. He halteed very awkwardly in the middle of the room, wondering what he ought to do. But they had seen him. They received him with a shout, and all thronged at once into the anteroom, and there took another look at his cloak. Akakiy Akakievitch, although somewhat confused, was frank-hearted, and could not refrain from rejoicing when he saw how they praised his cloak. Then, of course, they all dropped him and his cloak, and returned, as was proper, to the tables set out for whist.

All this, the noise, the talk, and the throng of people was rather overwhelming to Akakiy Akakievitch. He simply did not know where to stow, or where to put his hands, his feet, and his whole body. Finally he sat down by the players, looked at the cards, gazed at the face of one and another, and after a while began to gape, and to feel that it was wearisome, the more so as the hour was already long past when he usually went to bed. He wanted to take leave of the host, but they would not let him go, saying that he must not fail to drink a glass of champagne in honor of his new garment. In the course of an hour, supper, consisting of vegetables, salad, cold veal, pastry, confectioner's pies, and champagne, was served. They made Akakiy Akakievitch drink two glasses of champagne, after which he felt things grow livelier.

Still, he could not forget that it was twelve o'clock, and that he should have been at home long ago. In order that the hosts might not think of some excuse for detaining him, he stole out of the room quietly, found no in the anteroom, his cloak, which, to his sorrow, he found lying on the floor, brushed it, picked off every speck upon it, put it on his shoulders, and descended the stairs to the street.

In the street all was still bright. Some petty shops, those permanent clubs of servants and all sorts of folks, were still open. Others were shut, but, nevertheless, showed a streak of light the whole length of the door-crack, indicating that they were not yet free of company and that probably some domestics, male and female, were finishing their stories and conversations, while leaving their masters in complete ignorance as to their whereabouts. Akakiy Akakievitch went on in a happy frame of mind: he even started to run, without knowing why, after one lady, who flew past like a flash of lightning. But he stopped short, and went on very quietly as before, wondering why he had quickened his pace. Soon the road before him those deserted streets, which are not cheerful in the daytime, to say nothing of the evening. Now they were even more dim and lonely: the lantern begins to grow rarer, oil, evidently, had been less liberally supplied. Then came wooden houses and fences; not a soul anywhere; only the snow sparkled in the street, and mournfully veiled the low roofed cabins with their closed shutters. He approached the spot where the street crossed a wide square with houses barely visible on its farther side, a square which seemed a fearful desert.

After, a dim spark glimmered from some watchman's box, which seemed to stand on the edge of the world. Akakiy Akakievitch's cheerfulness diminished at this point, a marked degree. He entered the square, not without an involuntary sensation of fear, as though his heart warned him of some evil. He glanced back and on both sides, he was like a sea about him. "No, it is better not to look," he thought, and went on, closing his eyes. When he opened them, to see whether he was near the end of the square, he suddenly beheld, standing just before his very nose, some bearded individuals, of precisely what sort he could not make out. All grew dark before his eyes, and his heart throbbed.

"But, of course, the cloak is mine!" said one of them in a loud voice, seizing hold of his collar. Akakiy Akakievitch was about to shout "watch," when the second man thrust a fist about the size of a man's head into his mouth, muttering, "Now scream!"

Akakiy Akakievitch felt them strip off his cloak and give him a push with a knee; he felt buoyancy upon the snow and fell no more. In a few minutes he recovered consciousness and rose to his feet; but no one was there. He felt that it was cold in the square and that his cloak was gone; he began to shout, but his voice did not appear to reach to the outskirts of the square. In despair, but without ceasing to shout, he started at a run across the square straight to the watch-box, beside which stood the watchman, leaning on his halberd and apparently curious to know what kind of a customer was running toward him and shouting. Akakiy Akakievitch ran up to him and began to shout loudly to about that he was asleep and attended to nothing and did not see when a man was robbed. The watchman replied that he had seen two men stop him in the middle of the square, but supposed that they were friends of his; and that, instead of scolding vainly, he had better go to the police early in morrow so that the police might make a search for whoever had stolen the cloak.

(To be Continued.)

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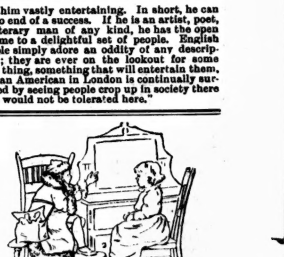

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catch a glimpse of the actors; every time I moved she moved. At length I gave up the task in despair and left my seat." Formerly, ladies were not admitted to the stalls in Paris, and the custom is rigorously kept up at one or two theaters. M. Sarcey demands that it be enforced everywhere, and the ladies change their head-gear. "Ladies in the stalls," he continues, "are insupportable, because, with their large bonnets, they deprive the spectators behind them of all pleasure in the performance. Everybody admits that they are a nuisance. One should be tall enough to be able half the stage from the person behind, and, as to day there is more amusement in seeing than in hearing the artists, it is easy to understand the objectionableness the bonnet becomes. One pays, and dearly, too, to see everything, and one sees nothing." M. Sarcey says the ladies, if they have any feelings for their lords and masters, could remedy the evil without any trouble or loss to themselves. He proposes that should adopt a style especially for the theater, which, he thinks, might be made as elegant and becoming as a bonnet. In Germany, the ladies either wear caps or hats in the closets or keep them on their knees, as the gentlemen do their hats. Why should the same system not be carried out in France? In any case, he insists on a reform of some sort, and appeals to the fair spectators to consider the question. But they won't M. Sarcey.

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"Your son is a half back on the Mulligatawny University eleven, is he not, Mr. Hicks?"

"He was this morning. I don't expect to see more than a quarter of him back to-night, though."

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The American Girl Abroad.

Lady Loftus—Don't you sing, Miss Daisy? Miss Daisy—No. I have no parlor tricks.

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Of Talk.

"You know," said a lively compatriot, who recently arrived from the other side, to a New York *Tribune* reporter, "that the thing in England is for a man to be quiet and monosyllable in a drawing-room and for the women to be lively and amusing; that is why our women are such a success over there. They can talk about all sorts of things and amuse people. On the other hand, however, the average American man is not much cared for. An American, at his best, is witty, entertaining, versatile—a conversationalist, in fine; and that is just what the smart set in England do not like; for a young man to be an intelligent talker is considered almost bad form. There may be certain privileged individuals who hold the place of licensed court jesters, as it were, but it is an unwritten law that the fashionable young man must be deadly quiet, unless he is among his intimates, when he seems to enjoy a sort of horse-play with a zest that strikes an American as almost artless, not to say imbecile. But introduce the same fellow to a new acquaintance, and he freezes into a solid politeness that is almost crushing. So our clever young countrymen are really too clever and too naturally chivalrous to women to have the *cachet* that belongs to a really fashionable youth. This, however, it not the case with the middle-aged American in London, particularly if he be of note in his own country. He, like the American girl, is expected to "show his paces," and the English world is ready to applaud him, dine him, and find him vastly entertaining. In short, he can be no end of a success. If he is an artist, poet, or literary man of any kind, he has the open sesame to a delightful set of people. English people simply adore an oddity of any description; they are ever on the lookout for some new thing, something that will entertain them, and an American in London is continually surprised by seeing people crop up in society there who would not be tolerated here."

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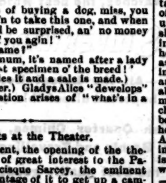
The familiar proverb, "what is good for man is good for his beast" is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very high authorities on the subject of horse and cattle ailments concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster-General U. S. Army, who says "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain cure we ever used. It conquers pain." This department has the custody and treatment of army horses and mules, and thousands are treated.



"If you thinks of buying a dog, miss, you can't do no better than to take this one, and when it develops, you'll be surprised, an' no money will purchase it of you agin!"

"What is it's name?"

"Gladys Alice, mum, it's named after a lady wot owned the first specimen o' the breed!"

(The name derides it and a sale is made.)

(Six months after, Gladys Alice "develops" and the trite question arises of "what's in a name," after all?

Bonnets at the Theater.

Next to Parliament, the opening of the theatrical season is of great interest to the Parisians. M. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent critic, takes advantage of it to get up a campaign against ladies' bonnets at the play. "The other night," he says, "there was a lady in the stalls of the Odeon, whose bonnet was a veritable scandal. It was, in fact, less a bonnet than a vast parasol, trimmed with all kinds of birds. It upset the whole house. I myself was particularly annoyed by it. The lady sat in front of me and cut me off entirely from the stage. In vain I bobbed my glass right and left to

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

TEABERRY

TORONTO

The Old Settler.

"Y' 'member the story, don't y', Peleg, 'bout Hi-diddle-diddle, the cat 'n the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon, the little dog larfed to see setch sport, 'n the dish run away with the spoon?"

The Old Settler had a pleasant smile on his face as he asked the question. Peleg, with a contemptuous tose of his head, looked up from the book he was reading and replied, curtly.

"Fuh!" he exclaimed. "I remember it, of course, gran'pop, but such stuff as that is only for babies! I don't take no stock in them yarns any more. There hain't anything in 'em. I'm reading something worth while now. Here's a book you ought to read, gran'p'p. It's bully!"

The Old Settler gazed over his spectacles at Peleg and said:

"You're gittin' so y' don't b'lieve that story 'bout Hi-diddle-diddle, hey?"

"Course I am!" replied Peleg.

"But y' stick to the one about the man th't was so wond'rous wise, 'n' th't jumped into a bramble bush 'n' scratched out both his eyes, 'n' w'en he foun' his eyes was out, with all his might 'n' main, he jumped into another bush 'n' scratched 'em in again. Y' hain't gone back on him, hev y', sonny?"

"Yes! He's worse than Hi-diddle-diddle!"

"N' ow do y' stan' on the question o' the ol' lady th's awe' the cobwebs offen the sky?"

"Puh! She's a humbug!"

The Old Settler shook his head and looked solemn.

"Well, Peleg, I'm sorry fer y'!" he said. "Soon ex a boy begins to hev his doubts about Hi-diddle-diddle, 'n' the man th't got his eyes scratched in ag'in, 'n' the ol' woman th't awep' the cobwebs offen the sky, it's allus safe to keep a watch on the melon patch when he's around; 'n' he comes home late from school with his hair wet 'n' his shirt on wrong side out, 'n' tells his gran'mammy th't the teacher kep him in 'cause he couldn't do his figger right; 'n' he gits the backache so orful bad th't he can't carry in the wood. It's a bad thing for a boy, Peleg, w'en he begins to hev his doubts about Hi-diddle diddle 'n' the rest of 'em, for I've allus noticed, b'gosh, th't his health falls so that it's all he wants to do is drag hisself to school durin' trout-fishin' time, an' th't he's liable to injy his meals better stan-lin' up th'n he is settin' down to 'em, fer seasons like this 'n' his gran'mammy knows better'n anybody else. What is this here book yer so to k up with, sonny?"

"Bloody Rope Rube; or, The Demon Lyncher o' Red Devil Ranch," said Peleg, reading the title.

"Whew!" whistled the Old Settler. "W'at did he do fer a livin', Peleg?"

"Went around the country hanging folks," replied Peleg.

"Jewhiz! What deestric' did he live in, sonny?"

"Oh, he lived 'way out west somewhere. You see, gran'pop, he went around hanging folks because he was hange3 once himself, and he was bound to have revenge. When he was a young man they took him up because they said he was a horse thief, and they stretched him up to a tree and left him. A friend of his cut him down and brought him to life again. Then Rube swore an oath that he'd never do anything as long as he lived except breathe and eat and hang everyone he got hold of. He got upsaddle and started out. He'd capture folks no matter whether they were young or old, or women, and carry 'em to his cabin way up in the rocks and hang 'em. He called his cabin Red Devil Ranch. I've got to where he has just carried off a man and his wife and three children in good places for them to see him hang the man. Then he will hang the rest of 'em, one after another, and go out after more, I s'pose. Every once in a while he says he'd like to quit his hanging business, but his conscience won't let him. He daresn't break his oath, for that would be wicked, and his conscience would never give him any rest. It ain't because he's sick of it that he wants to quit hanging folks, but he is in love with a girl whose father and mother he hanged, and he'd like to marry her and settle down, but he daresn't do it, because on account of his oath he'd have to hang her, too. That'd be pretty hard on Rube, wou'dn't it gran'pop?"

"Well, yes; pooty hard," replied the Old Settler; "but seems to me ex if the gal wouldn't be tickled very much over it, nuther! Wat does the book say this here Bloody Rope Rube's las' name is, sonny?"

"It don't say anything about his las' name," said Peleg.

"Don't it say th't his gran'pop were ol' Gil Mossbreaker o' the Sugar Swamp deestric'?" inquired the Old Settler.

"No!" said Peleg, showing some impatience at being kept so long from following further the cheerful career of Bloody Rope Rube.

"Ol' Gil had a gran'son named Rube," said the Old Settler, "an' he left Sugar Swamp a good many years ago, 'n' dug for the west some'rs. I'll bate a cooky th't this here chap th't takes recreyation by hangin' folk is young Rube Mossbreaker. Speakin' of h'm bein' took up ex a hoss thief makes me more sartin of it, for w'en Rube left Sugar Swamp a couple o' Choppy McBing's hosses went away, 'n' never kim back. Yes, sir! that Demon Lyncher is young Rube Mossbreaker, sure ex p'ison! But I don't s'prise me none! He comes nat'ral by his demonin'. His ol' gran'pop were one himself, 'n' a tougher one, I shouldn't wonder, th'n Bloody Rope Rube. W'y, sonny, if Rube's gran'pop hadn't 'a been hung hisself, I wouldn't be your gran'pop to-day, 'n' whar would you be? Nowhar b'gosh! mighty!"

"Did Rube hang his grandpop, too?" asked Peleg, ready to listen to an incident in the career of his hero not set down in the book.

"Not edzactly sonny," replied the Old Settler, "cause Rube wa'n't borned yet, but I'm w'at y' ben tellin' me 'bout him, thar hain't no doubt but w'at he'd jist ex soon 'a done it ex not. No, Peleg. My ol' pop hung Bloody Rope Rube's gran'pop, 'n' done it up brown, too. It makes me shedder all over w'en I think th't if pop hadn't 'a' hung ol' Gil Mossbreaker, my mummy mowt 'a' been Rube's mammy, 'stead o' bein' mine an' never'd 'a' ben my pop's widder!

"Gil Mossbreaker sot down on a clearin' in Sugar Swamp 'bout the time my grand'pop did, an' w'at was his neighbors. Gil had one wife 'n' so did my gran'pop. The Mossbreaker folks hadn't lived there long afore ev'rybody disliked th't ol' Gil were a livin' terror. He'd rather fight th'n eat, 'n' w'en he had been tampern' a leetle heavy with his hard cider bar'l 'n' went out, folks locked their doors 'n' laid low. No yoke o' oxen th't ever yanked a load o' logs was any stronger th'n ol' Gil Mossbreaker, 'n he'd jist ex leaf use his strength on a year-ol' young un ex on a six-foot bush wacker. The more I think on it, Peleg, the more I know he were this here Rube's gran'pop.

"Ol' Gil's son wa'n't a bad sort o' feller, 'n his n' my gran'pop's son got kinder thick. The peatiest gal in Sugar Swamp in them days were Betsy Tiddle. B'tsy's pop had about the likeliest lot o' belongin's th'were in the deestric', 'n' Betsy were the best kntch for twenty miles around. Well, sir, w'at does ol' Gil's boy 'n' my grandpop's boy do but both of 'em git sweet on Betsy, 'n' both on 'em were bound to her her. It were hard to tell w'ich one Betsy liked best, but sometimes one 'd think it were him, 'n' then ag'in he'd think it wa'n't. Howsby, though, my gran'pop's boy took the bull by the horns 'n' says to Betsy:

"'Betsy, says he, 'w'en's me'n you gointer git married?'

"'Well, la sakes, Sile!' says Betsy. 'I'd like to know who's said me 'n you was ever gointer git married!' says she.

"'Me 'n' you's gointer git married, Betsy, says my gran' pop's son, 'or else you 'n' young Gil Mossbreaker's gointer git married,' says he. 'W'at I wanter know is right squar' on the dot, is it me 'n' you?'

"The chances is, mebbe, th't if young Gil had took the bull by the horns first 'n' put the question squar' to Betsy, like my gran' pop's son did, she'd 'a' answered him just the same. But he didn't, 'n' so Betsy she wiggled on her cheer a leetle, 'n' hung her head, 'n' put her finger in her mouth, 'n' pooty soon up 'n' said:

"'Wull, Sile,' she says, 'it's me 'n you!'

"That's all th' were to that, 'n' of course young Gil had to be told, 'n he give up. But his rip-roarin' ol' pop had sot his gizzard on his boy marryin' Betsy, 'n' he didn't calc'late to be euchred out of her. He didn't say a word, though. He just sere down to planned. Oh, he were the ancister o' the Demon Lyncher o' Red Devil Ranch, sonny, 'n' I know it!

"My gran'pop's son built a cabin fer to put his wife in w'en they got hitched, 'n' w'a sh'd it do but burn down the fust night it were done. Young Sile wa'n't loaded down with money, but he went to wark 'n' put up another house on his clearin'. That un were burnt down, too, 'n' the young feller were took with an oncommon fit o' the blues. He went out one day to set some b'ar traps, 'n' a couple o' choppers helped him bend down a big hick'ry sapplin' 'n' fasten its top to the ground 'with a strong slippin' noose snare tied to it, hopin' to ketch a p'ide'lar foxy ol' b'ar th't had turned up his nose at all his other traps, for Sile had to git a pile of 'em 'fore he k'd build his house agin.

"Arter the choppers helped Sile bend the stiff sapplin' down 'n fasten it, they left him. He were kind o' makin' things look nat'ral around the big snare, w'en a'l of a sudden sumpin' grabbed him f'm behind, 'n' 'fore he k'd say boo his arms was tied together 'n' so was his legs. Then he were chucked on the ground 'n' lookin' up he seen ol' Gil Mossbreaker standin' over him 'n' grinnin' like a hyeny. Sile couldn't say a word, he were so struck dumb. Arter ol' Gil had grinned 'n' glared at him a spell he drawed a rope f'm under his coat. It had a noose in one end. He went down a few yards away, tied t'other end o' the rope to a limb 'n' let the slippin' noose dangle down. Then he kim back 'n' says to Sile:

"'Do y' know w'at yer gointer do?' says he. 'Yer gointer commit suicide!' says he.

"'My gran'pop's son didn't say a word. He know'd th' wa'n't no use. But he kept a workin' his han's in the rope they was tied with, 'n' he foun' th't if he k'd hev about five minutes time he k'd work his han's loose, 'n' then he'd try 'n' do sumpin'.

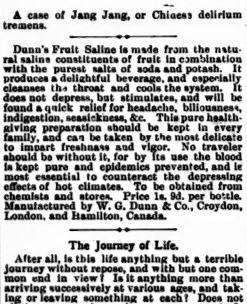
"'Yer gointer commit suicide,' says ol' Gil, grinnin', 'n' here's a letter yer gointer leave tehind y'.'

"Ol' Gil took a letter outen his pocket. It had Sile's name signed to it, 'n' were writ to Betsy. It said th't he were broke up 'n' disker'ridged over the burnin' o' his cabins, 'n' ez he couldn't build another he had thort 'the bes' thing he k'd do was to hang hisself 'n' leave her free to marry young Gil Mossbreaker.

"'I burnt yer cabins!' says ol' Gil, grinnin' more 'n' more, 'n' now I'm gointer hang y'! Won't folks be sorry w'en they hear th't setch a likely chap ex you couldn't stan' misfortun' 'n' went 'n' killed hisself!'

"Sile laid close to w'har the hick'ry saplin' were tied to the groun'. Ez ol' Gil were talkin' he turned his back to Sile to look at the gallus he had rigged up for pattin' the boy outen his way. Sile had got his hand loose by this time. He slipped his huntin' knife out, 'n', quick ex a flash, cut the rope th't held the hick'ry sapplin' down. The stiff sapplin' sprung back like a hurricane. 'n' ez it went up it ketched ol' Gil 'n' h'isted him twenty foot in the air. He turned a somerset, 'n' kerplunk, 'n' in flopping over he shot his head plumb through the noose he had fixed for hangin' poor Sile! He splittered an' kicked 'n' twisted, but it wa'n't no use, 'n' by the time my gran'pop's boy had got up 'n' untied his legs, ol' Gil Mossbreaker had passed over Jurd'n'.

"Sile married Betsy, 'n' got to be my pop, but jist see how consarned nigh I kim to not havin' any pop, sonny, 'n' w't a narrer escape Betsy had f'm bein' the mammy o' Bloody Rops Rube, the Demon Lyncher of Red Devil Ranch!"—*N. Y. Sun.*



A case of Jang Jang, or Chinese delirium tremens.

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The Journey of Life.

After all, is this life anything but a terrible journey without repose, and with but one common end in view? Is it anything more than arriving successively at various ages, and taking or leaving something at each? Does not all that surrounds us change every year? Is not every age a different country? You were a child; you are a young man; you may become an old man. Do you believe you shall find as much difference between two farms, however remote from each other they may be, as between you a child and you an old man? You are in childhood—the man is there with his fair hair, his bold, limp'd glance, and his light and joyous heart; he loves every one, and every one seems to love him; everything gives him something, and everything promises him still much more. There is nothing which does not pay him a tribute of joy, nothing which for him is not a plaything. The butterflies in the air, the blue-bottles in the corn fields, the sand of the seashore, the herbage of the meadows, the green alleys of the forest—all give him pleasure, all whisper to him promise of mystic happiness. You arrive at youth; the body is active and strong, the heart noble and disinterested. There you violently break the playthings of your childhood and smile at the importance you once attached to them, because you have found some fresh playthings with which you are as much in earnest as you were with your tops and balls; now is the turn of friendship, love, heroism, and devotedness—you have all these within you, and you look for them in others. You ask aloud the accomplishment of your desires, as you would ask bonbons. There is not a flower or a tree that does not appear to have betrayed you. But here we now are, arrived at old age; we then have gray or white hairs—or a wig. The beautiful flowers of which we were speaking yield fruit but little expected—incredulity, egotism, mistrust, avarice, irony, gluttony. Of no laugh at the playthings of youth, because you still meet with others to which you attach yourself more seriously, places, medals, ribbons of different orders, honors, and dignities. Days and years are darts which dea'h launches at us; it reserves the most penetrating for old age; the early ones have destroyed successively your faiths, your passions, your virtues, your happiness. Now it pours in grape-shot! It has shot away your hair and your teeth, it has wounded and sakened your muscles, it has touched your memory, it aims at the heart, it aims at life.—*J. B. A. Karr.*

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION.

"I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europ-."

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Something Lacking.

"Now isn't that a perfect picture of the baby?" asked Mrs. Noopop, displaying a new cabinet photograph.

"I don't think it is," replied Noopop. "I don't hear a sound."

Magnificent Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York, via Erie Ry.

The Erie have had two of the finest sleepers made that money would buy, especially for this run. They leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sundays, arriving in New York early next morning. Beautiful dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further information apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Consistent.

Mrs. Silvertongue—Are you going out this evening?

Silvertongue—Yes. I have promised to attend the St. Patrick's club reception and deliver an oration on The Irish in America. What would the country do without them? Is there anything you want down town, my dear?

Mrs. Silvertongue—Yes; I wish you would stop at the employment office and ask them to send me a good American, English, French, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Italian or colored girl for general housework.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well fitting gown should inspect our stock.

Still a Pointer.

Uptotricks—Have you a good engagement, Richard?

Richard—Seventy-five per week.

Uptotricks—That's not so bad. Showman wants a man for heavies at twenty-five.

Richard—His office is just a little way down Broadway, ain't it?

Uptotricks—Yes.

Richard—Well, so long. I'll see you later.

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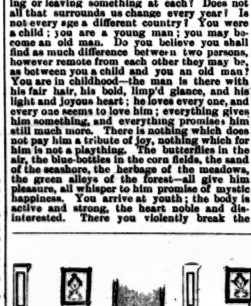

Young Barclay Bowers with his turn up nose.

Is it turned-up bed turned up his toes, And, guarded by Fonto, sought repose.

The faithful hound descried a light And barked, as he had no time to bite, Which woke young Barcla, up in fright.

He gave a jump—the bed did, too And bid young Barclay Jones from view, The dog said nothing. 'Twas all he could do.

A Scientific Formula

Jack—It's pretty hard to guess a girl's age correctly.

Tom—I can tell you a good way to find it out.

Jack—How?

Tom—Ask her, and then add one-third.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Drill Shed at Infantry Barracks, Toronto," will be received at this office until Friday, 18th December, 1891, for the several works required in the erection of Drill Shed at Infantry Barracks, Toronto.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Denison & King, 18 King Street, Toronto, on and after Friday, 4th December, and tenders will not be considered unless made on forms supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to *five per cent. of* amount *of tender*, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 3rd December, 1891.

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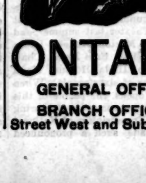

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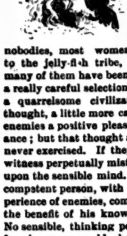
SIXTEEN PAGES.

A New Serial.

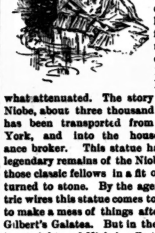
The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT beg to call their readers' attention to the new serial, Constance, written for them by F. C. Phillips, the well known English author. His former novel, As In a Looking Glass, is well known to the public through Mrs. Langtry's striking impersonation of its heroine, Lena Despard, in a dramatic version. This new serial, Constance, is said to be of even greater dramatic power than As In a Looking Glass, and we beg to congratulate our readers on the accession of this new novel.

The Choice of Enemies.



A CERTAIN eccentric writer has recently stated, in a certain eccentric book, that one cannot be too careful in choosing one's enemies; but there is undoubtedly a modicum of truth in the remark. Most men who are not colorless nobodies, most women who are not akin to the jelly-fish tribe, have enemies. How many of them have been at the pains to make a really careful selection of these necessities of a quarrelsome civilization? A little more thought, a little more care, might make one's enemies a positive pleasure instead of a nuisance; but that thought and care are seldom or never exercised. If they were, we should not witness perpetually mistakes such as really jar upon the sensible mind. Why does not some competent person, with a long and varied experience of enemies, come forward and give us the benefit of his knowledge of the subject? No sensible, thinking person, whether male or female, young or old, should make an enemy of a butcher boy. A butcher boy is the most inventive and resourceful of boys. He is always cheerful and always cheeky. He can whistle in such a way as to be heard for many shops, and his vindictive and contemptuous "Yah!" is more penetrating than the voice of the file. He is also an adept at bespattering with mud those who have offended him. He can drive his cartful of legs of mutton, and sirloins of beef within an inch of the kerb, so as to cover his enemy with liquid street, and yet look all the while the innocent and conscious cherub in a blue blouse. He is terribly unforgiving, too, and is apt to wreak his vengeance with tough steaks and chops which he leaves so innocently at your door. Therefore, in choosing your enemies avoid selecting your butcher boy. But do not, on the other hand, fly into the opposite extreme, and make choice of your next door elderly vegetarian as your sworn and most particular foe. A vegetarian of mature age has often a biting tongue, possibly because he has so little to bite with his teeth. Although he eats no meat, yet he does not always lay in a great store of milk of human kindness, and he can frequently be very sarcastic as he sits greedily over the disguised cabbages and dissembling potatoes that form his daily meal. When a vegetarian "turns nasty" his rancor is apt to partake of the nature of the green and guileful crab. He is as hard to put up with as an early pea, his insults are as difficult to swallow as an ill-cooked turnip. The penetrating onion is not a greater adept at drawing tears from the eyes than he, and even a too previously plucked tomato cannot vie with him in acidity. Keep him your friend. A very youthful child of venomous temperament and observant eye is a foe calculated to appal the stoutest heart. The poet Wordsworth remarks somewhere that children come from heaven "trailing clouds of glory." This may be solemn truth or merely poetic license, but certain it is that they possess an unequalled power of enveloping those whom they do not love in trailing clouds of shame. An infant of four can make an archbishop regret his birth, or put a pope to confusion. A toddler in rose-colored ribbons, decked out in the voluminous sausage curls, that so majestically adorn the small round head of infantine innocence, can, with a word, dye the furrowed cheek of the hero of a hundred fights with burning scarlet, or fill the kindly heart of the famous philanthropist with a Herod-like lust for numerous murder. A babe has you at a disadvantage, for your smartest retort falls upon a pink ear deafer than the average adder, and your rapier-sharp repartee glances from the muslin-clad hide of nurse's darling, or mother's "tooty wooty," without inflicting the smallest puncture. Whatever indiscreet thing you may do during the voyage of life, never be so mad as to rouse the animosity of "sweet, sinless childhood." Fly in the face of prime ministers, ride roughshod over the tenderest susceptibilities of councillors, defy Mrs. Grundy, try to get the last word with a talkative shrew, do what wild things you list, but as you value your peace of mind always defer to children under the age of eight. Be kind to them. Offer them the frequent sugar plum and you will have your reward. There are, of course, a large number of worthy persons with whom it is of the utmost importance to keep friendly for various reasons. Such are your Indian uncles—the genus Nabob—your dentist, the chemist who supplies your household with those gentle medicines with which the local doctor likes to amuse the curious constitution, and many others. No man or woman who has once had a reluctant and remote double tooth drawn by a hostile dentist, will ever forget it. It remains eternally in the mind, a ghastly memory that passeth not away, a haunting nightmare, a shadow dimming the gleaming sunshine of an otherwise joyous life. Conciliate the man of pincers, for he holds his revenge in the hollow of your tooth. Avoid, if possible, falling out with those who have had the misfortune of knowing you in youth, and who have watched the bud of your maidenhood or boyhood (as the case may be) blossom into the full flower of maturity. They are so copious of allusions, and those who can make allusions are deadly as snakes in the grass. If you offend them in any way they bring up little trifles that have long been buried in a kind oblivion. They ask innocently if you recollect unpleasant days, or they connect your name with brokers and bailiffs in a manner as unexpected as it is distressing. Old friends are the most dangerous enemies, because they can select their weapons of offence from such a bristling armory of reminiscence. In choosing enemies, therefore, never select those who have once been your friends.

The Drama.



HE idea of a statue which by magic comes to life is not a new one, but it is one that seems to be pleasing to theater-goers, perhaps because this piece of stage magic has usually been handled by a number of good workmen. The comings and goings of one resuscitated statue are hardly enough to furnish entertainment for a whole evening, and Paulton's comedy Niobe, is somewhat attenuated. The story is of a statue of Niobe, about three thousand years old, which has been transported from Thebes to New York, and into the house of an insurance broker. This statue happens to be the legendary remains of the Niobe whom some of those classic fellows in a fit of humorous rage turned to stone. By the agency of some electric wires this statue comes to life and proceeds to make a mess of things after the manner of Gilbert's Galatea. But in the end, everything is set right and Niobe's affections, being somewhat more malleable than Galatea's, her return to a geological state is not necessitated. The artist who owns the statue takes her off the hands of the family she has done her best to break up. The members of the cast who contribute to the merriment, are the unfortunate and intensely commercial insurance broker, his selfish brother-in-law, and a sister-in-law, in years over-ripe, who boss's an under-ripe tempir. Niobe and the three last named have the stage to themselves for most of the time. The situations are, though humorous, much too few, and though the dialogue is witty there is too much of it. Anstey, who wrote A Tinted Venus, was wise when he condensed his statue-play into one act. Niobe is funny enough, but does not do much to allay one's hunger for amusement. The company which presented the play is a good one. Miss Isabella Coe as Niobe is fairly acceptable, though she has but little magnetism. Mr. George R. Edeson as Peter Amos Dunn, the insurance broker, is an excellent comedian, and to him a very large share of the audience's enjoyment is due. Mr. Charles Coote as Corney Griffin, the over-amorous brother-in-law, was also amusing, and Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick as the sour old Helen Griffin was in fine form. The other members of the cast were both comely and excellent, and one regrets that they had not more to do. The wardrobe and therefore of many of their parts was quite unknown to the audience. Niobe has been filling the Academy this week.

A significant fact about Kate Castleton's Dazzler at the Grand this week, has been that the front row has always been sold off first. Another significant fact is that the company has been hanging out paper and photographs which display the company *en dishabille*. Miss Castleton—or whichever of her half-score of names by which the reader chooses to call her—in this picture, is as star of the company most completely disrobed. In Miss Castleton's perennial visits to Toronto, SATURDAY NIGHT has always tried to impress upon its readers the disgracefulness of the means both on and off the stage by which Miss Castleton has gained her fame. It is again repeated: Kate Castleton is not a woman men take their daughters to see. Aside from the general objectionableness of presenting variety shows at good houses, Miss Castleton is the only objectionable feature of The Dazzler. Messrs. Ott, Miller and McIlwaine are good in kind, the latter of whom does the remarkable feat of turning a somersault with his overcoat on.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The great New York comic opera success, The Tar and Tartar, will be seen at the Academy of Music next week with its original Askin & Rork Opera Company, that made the phenomenal run of two hundred performances at Palmer's Broadway Theater last summer, and includes Digby Bell, Marion Manola, Laura Joyce Bell, Hubert Wilke, Fred Frean, Chas. Wayne, Josie Knapp, Hilda Hollins, Maud Hollins and a chorus of sixty people. When The Tar and Tartar opens, the people of this city will have the first opportunity of hearing this famous medley Transcription of National Airs, which has made such a pronounced sensation wherever heard that all the farce comedy companies in the country have attempted to steal it. The original song entitled In the Morning, which has also been widely copied, will also be sung by Digby Bell in the second act.

Captain Therese, Agnes Huntington's latest operatic venture, which will be given at the Grand Opera House on next Monday night, is by Planquette, and its music is spoken of as being in his happiest vein, bright and sparkling throughout, with here and there an approach to classic composition. The costumes and stage effects are of the most elaborate and gorgeous design, and in keeping with the action of the play, which is laid out at Dijon, France, in the seventeenth century. In this opera Miss Huntington sustains a trial *role*, that of the daughter of a marquis and a dashing French captain of hussars. Those who have seen Miss Huntington only in the male character of Paul Jones, will have an opportunity of contrasting her merits and judging of her abilities in the *role* of a French lady in high life, while her accredited excellence in the portrayal of male characters is a guarantee that the *role* of the French officer will be most acceptably sustained. F. C. Burnard, editor of London *Punch*, and Gilbert a' Beckett, an English humorist of note, are the joint authors of the libretto of the new opera, and what is lacking in spontaneous American humor is said to have been supplied by Louis Harrison, of Pearl of Pekin fame. Max Freeman staged the production, for which much is promised, with a strong cast culled from the favorites of the Paul Jones company. A chorus of sixty voices will support Miss Huntington. The gems of the new opera are thought to be the Pensionaire song, Sweet Therese, Song of the Butterfly and Dance, In Days Sweet and Olden and The Gypsy.

One of the new "bits of business" introduced into Othello by Wilson Barrett is eminently characteristic of that sensational and insincere performer. He has a portrait of Desdemona hanging on the wall, and as soon as Iago begins to play upon his jealousy, he draws his scimitar and cuts the picture down. If this theatrical trick suggests the character of the whole performance, then indeed is Wilson Barrett a mere mummer.

Sir Edwin Arnold in his Light of Asia tells us how the young Prince Siddartha was kept till manhood in ignorance of the fact that there were miseries in this world. Adelina Patti lives her life much on the same plan. Everything disagreeable or troublesome is kept from her. Nicolini opens her mail and destroys every letter that is not an invitation or a compliment. She never sees a beggar, an invalid, a corpse, a case of suffering, an irate tradesman, or a despondent singer or actor. She knows there is a dark side of life, but regards it in the same category as contagious diseases—to be quarantined. "The strain on the emotions can do no good to the cause, and only ages the looker-on," she says.

Some of the announced theatrical projects are novel. Franklin H. Sargent, director of a dramatic school connected with the Lyceum, is ambitious often with projects of stage elevation. His newest scheme contemplates the performance, in some Broadway theater, and presumably at matinees, of one-act plays by a number of eminent novelists, who are novices as playwrights, but would like to test their dramatic work through the medium of good actors before congenial audiences. Mr. Sargent says that Howells, Cable and Stockton are writing pieces to be thus performed, and it is certain that many conferences have been held, but not that anything will come of them. Another promise is of a female Iago. Next week Marie Prescott and Robert D. MacLean will go to the Union Square for three weeks of Shakespeare plays, and Miss Prescott will essay Iago to the Othello of MacLean. She was last seen in the *role* on a Bowery stage, but since then MacLean has inherited a fortune, and he and Miss Prescott are to make a more pretentious appeal for New York recognition.

Women rarely make good comedians. Their bent runs to pathos and the fierce emotions. For one imitator of Dajazet, the French stage has produced a score of gifted creatures who have emulated Croizette and Bernhardt. We have a Mary Anderson and a Clara Morris, and we had a Charlotte Cushman; but where is our light comedienne? Lotta can make us laugh; but, after all, her art is a little boisterous, and depends much on the kicking up of her heels. Ada Rehan is admirable in high comedy, like Mrs. Kendal; but, as was said of Mrs. Bracegirdle, "genteel comedy is their chief essay," though they do not, like that "Diana of the stage," prefer to act in men's clothes, in which costume "her gait was free, manly and modest." Perhaps the fact may be due to the imperfect development of the risible instinct in women. Any man who has been privileged to attend one of those Eleusinian mysteries known as five-o'clock teas, has observed what curious causes provoke laughter among ladies; how they laugh at nothing, and remain grave in the presence of jests which might have made old Nestor hold his sides. So at a theater, the female portion of the audience giggle when there is no excuse for merriment, and sometimes allow the best jokes to pass without a smile. This imperfect appreciation of humor is probably one reason why there are so few really good light comedienne on the stage.

Here are a few pointers about making up: The great beauties of bygone ages owed a great deal of their triumph to the secrets of the toilet, but so carefully were the methods guarded that to-day they are lost arts. The appearance of the neck and arms is much better when in evening dress, if they have been sponged with perfumed tepid water, thoroughly dried and then bathed with equal parts of glycerine and rose water. While this is still damp a thick coating of powder should be applied and left on until the next minute. Rub this in gently, but thoroughly, and the skin will assume a smooth whiteness of exquisite loveliness. At the same time all traces of powder will have disappeared. There is nothing more unbecoming than pale lips, but these may easily be changed in a quarter of an hour. The scarlet tint can be intensified by wetting the lips with perfume and allowing it to dry, afterwards touching them with cold cream to give a soft and smooth appearance. If this practice is indulged in too often, however, the delicate membrane will become hard and dry. The eyebrows should be trained, and this itself is a small art. Brilliantine rubbed into them wonderfully improves their growth and appearance. The actor's pencil has almost dropped out of use now that this simple and undetectable means of gaining the same end has been found. The inexpensive and harmless beet is often used to give the cheeks a natural color. Cut a beet in thick slices and let it drain itself of its juice. Apply this liquid with a camel's hair brush, and then tone it down with a coating of powder. If this treatment is successfully accomplished it cannot be detected.

The following is a slice from Sara Bernhardt's latest talk about her art: "Young artistes must remember, too, that they must pursue a direct line; that it is necessary to have a firmness of character. They must not be drawn to this side or to that. There will be obstacles. They will confront you from the start. They will be always there, invariably, and by firmness of character alone can you expect to overcome them. Acquire a habit of system and purpose in your study. Learn early the value of promptitude in what concerns your art and the play itself. Let no outside interest interfere. Be prompt at rehearsals. First, last, and always my rehearsals receive close observation and thorough attention. It is best personally to superintend the whole of the piece. Then the perfection of the parts is more certain. It has been said of me that I keep my audiences waiting unnecessarily. It cannot be laid to my door that my rehearsals are kept waiting, put off or delayed but in rare instances of indisposition. An artiste must work if she loves her art. She must work. She is not only willing, but she cannot help it; she is impelled to it. She must, too, be an inspiration to those dependent upon her. She must vitalize the play throughout. She must lead, direct, suggest, guide—in a word, she must be the magnet around which the entire company draws. Her own study is never finished. There will be always something to learn; she is forever absorbing from new sources of information, from life which is always new. She is constantly developing new presentations of old ideas, and breaking from old lines. Let her go among the poor, among the suffering, into the hospitals; let her travel, observe and think. She must know something of every side of life, of all conditions of men; something of every motive which actuates humanity in its various manifestations. Let her be able to judge for herself; conceive her own ideas and she will be the better able to satisfy the playwright and the play-goer, the author and the public."

A Tete-a-Tete.

AN ADVENTURESS. A VILLAIN.

Scene—The Sixth Chapter of a Novel.

The Adventuress—Well, we meet rather earlier in this novel than we usually do.

The Villain—Yes, the runaway horse was caught so soon by that prattle about a heroine's nerves were calmed in the fifth, and, therefore, it was a matter of necessity that they should bring us in in the sixth, in order to keep up the interest in the book.

The Adventuress—Oh, that was it, was it? Well, I suppose that I have got to scheme to marry the hero longer than usual this time. Be careful not to upset that cup of poison. I've got to commit suicide with it in the last chapter.

The Villain—I thought you always committed suicide in the next to the last chapter?

The Adventuress—I usually do, but the author is determined to be original in this book. By the way, are you going to Monte Carlo this time?

The Villain—I don't know. It depends on whether the hero is to be wrecked in the Mediterranean or off the coast of Africa. I do hope it's not the latter, for I detest leading those rebellious Zulu chiefs. I'd much prefer a duel although to be sure the last time we fought one he shot me through the heart and killed me instantly.

The Adventuress—Oh, I remember—I stole the compromising papers out of your pocket before they buried you, and kept them worrying a couple of chapters more.

The Villain—Good for you. By the way, what have you in that cabinet?

The Adventuress—Oh, those are my wiles. I have to keep them labelled and arranged alphabetically, or I should never be able to keep track of them.

The Villain—I have to be almost as careful of my crimes. In fact, for a long time, when they began making a minister of me in almost every novel that was published, I had to put them in the safe deposit vaults, or I would have lost them. It was awful. Then I had to preach every Sunday, and at the end of the book had to confess, usually when I was dying from consumption. By the way, I acquired a guilty conscience then.

The Adventuress—Do you still keep it?

The Villain—Oh, yes. The contingency may arise when it would be useful.—*Life.*

A Home Wedding

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come on an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village, and we filled our arms with golden rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house, and her mother brought out big bowls, and we put our flowers about the rooms.

"It became by the noon train and she went to the gate in her prim dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she, and I.

"Then she went to dress and came downstairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was two o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said, 'Are you ready?' And she said, 'Yes.' And then the two stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and one into the hand of her mother, who sat on the sofa. And when the minister began 'Will you——' she said, 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and icecream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow. I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

On a Cold Day.

He—There's a good deal to be said in favor of cremation.

She (shivering)—Yes, indeed. It's so clean, and nice and—warm!

Lost Eyes

For Saturday Night.

They're laughing in the fire to-day,
Those eyes of long ago;
Their light was as the sun's soft ray
That glistens on the snow.

Ah! once for me they held all light
And left a world of gray,
When in their skyey depths and bright
The love flames ceased to play.

And though for me shine eyes as dear,
Sweet maiden love doth glow,
I'm sad amid the Christmas cheer
For eyes of long ago.

H. W. C.

Morning Glories.

For Saturday Night.

An hour ago and you were not here,
Now over the lattice ye peep and peer,
And gaze with wide-eyed wondering eyes
Shyly around in sweet surprise.
Ye are not trumpets! ye are not bells!
Where got ye the lustre of rare sea shells,
Tints of dame like the morning skies,
Throats of pearl and sapphire eyes?
Ye are greetings wafted from Eden's bowers,
Ethereal glories! ye are not flowers!
Source do ye tarry to find a name
Ere ye return from whence ye came,
Like new born babe that smiles and dies
And hastens back to Paradise.

ISABELLA ALLIS WARWICK.

Then and Now.

For Saturday Night.

Hidden from all faithless mortals
Was thy Saviour's heavenly crown,
But an angels drew night's curtain,
Gleamed its brightest jewel down.

Heaven to earth is joined by heart strings,
And each happy Christmas-tide
Angel hands awake thy echoes
That within each soul abide.

Sing the words inspired divinely,
Peace to all this one glad morn,
And good will 'mongst men proclaiming,
That a King to them is born.

EDITH A. BUNBS.

Christmas Memories.

For Saturday Night.

In the west there gleameth a silver star,
On the earth lies the soft moonlight;
The chime of the bells ringeth near and far
And the world is gay to-night.
The lights gleam brightly across the snow,
Within, the yule logs cheerily glow,
Merry voices and laughter low,
Come to my ears to-night.

And I sit alone by the warm firelight
With a memory sad and sweet,
In my ears there soundeth a childish voice
And the patter of little feet.
And the firelight shadows come and go,
But a golden head lies beneath the snow,
And the cypress is twined with the mistletoe,
And hushed is the laughter sweet.

In the west the star gleams softly bright
And the moonlight lies on the snow,
But ah! how I long for one glimpse to-night
Of my treasure that sleepeth low,
'Neath the glistening earth, 'neath the starry skies,
With folded hands and with closed blue eyes,
Silent for aye—till the great sunrise—
Under the holly and snow.

MARION LESLIE.

He Loved an Editress.

'Tis hard enough, in any case, to win a woman's Yes,
But pity me, O gods and men! I loved an editress;
With fervor I implored her to accept my heart and hand,
With gentle care, she answered me, in accents soft and bland:

"We must regret we cannot use
The articles you offer. This rejection
Implies upon their merit no reflection
For, while they do not meet our views,
We often must reject what others use.
Your style may not be ours, you understand,
Or we have similar articles on hand;
There may be many reasons undetailable,
But at this time the articles are not available."

J. ERNEST V. COOKE.

Smithy Song.

When I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep;
When daylight's grayest gleaming
Glies through the blinds to peep,
Oh! then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They sell is round, pending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging
The while the others ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

O merry smiths sounding
All day till set of sun!
Is is by sturdy pounding
That noblest tasks are done;
By steady blows and swinging
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

GEORGE HOUSTON

Between You and Me.

THOSE horrid red diphtheria cards are staring us in the face in every street lately, and reconciling us to a taste of cold weather. It is rather terrifying to look out some morning and see just across the road that short announcement, "Diphtheria here." Mothers feel a throb of terror and sympathy, and fathers scold at the city water, or the milk, or whatever comes first to their mind, and Lady Gay notices some little things that she is going to tell right here. In the first place, she knows of a house where a very bad case of scarlet fever was convalescing, and where the patient was read to by an unwearying nurse from books *furnished from the Public Library*. And she knows another house where a diphtheria patient died, and where a woman came in to clean, and wash, and burn, and shake, and generally disturb things, and on her way home called at one of the city charities to see her little child. And, again, she knows of children being allowed to go to a party who were still marked, rough, and almost unhealed, from a rather bad attack of chicken pox, and she has sighed over these reckless and wicked lapses and felt sorry for the health officer who has to work against such odds and opposition from high and low.

*

"We didn't think," each would have said, and of all aggravating excuses surely that is the worst. Who knows which of those library books went back carrying between its covers the death germ of some innocent little life, or the disfiguring or disabling of some perfect young man or womanhood, and Lady Gay knows from personal experience the anxiety that hangs over a charity in times of epidemic, where one looks fearfully each day at the rows of helpless little creatures, who are each other's worst enemies in the troublous times of infection and contagion, listens for the hoarseness, thinks one sees the flush, watches the little dinner plates for signs of flagging appetites and marks the little footsteps for sound of languor or lagging. And one can feel for the mother hostess when those unwelcome little guests got loose from their mountains of wraps, and began with unrestricted delight, after long seclusion, to romp with the untainted, soft-skinned wee'uns of their neighbors. She felt like a criminal, and had a good cry, of apprehension which happily came to nothing, but more from good fortune than deserts.

*

"What is the use of wasting time in learning foreign languages, when one can acquire knowledge much more useful and lucrative?" writes a correspondent this week, and demands an answer to this and various other captious remarks. When a person asks you such a question as that, the answer comes with it; so far as they are concerned, no use at all. But there are people, and people, in this world of ours, and to many a one a dozen reasons suggest themselves as to what is the use of learning to speak any tongue but the patois, mongrel lingo which we dignify by the name of English. This is our own dear native tongue, and we have grown used to it, and until we take time to examine it and criticize it, it seems to us the most sensible and complete in the talking world. It used to be a very stately and dignified language if folks took time to manage it, to arrange it and to enunciate it, but now, we are nine-tenths of us too hurried to do aught but murder it offhand.

*

For instance, my correspondent, who writes a most earnest, if somewhat cranky, letter, says:—"I never got taken with French, and German, either." Now, don't you think he might have safely waded into a deeper sea and finished up with, "nor likewise English." I haven't time, nor you haven't time, to polish our sentences till they shine, pure and Saxon, and full of grace and beauty and dignity. We are not Poets Laureate, nor even professors, but we might sometimes save our ideas from the uncouth clothes we condemn them to stagger about in. We are so dependent upon our language—not a gesture, not a shrug, not a nod, or a head-toss helps our well-bred English conversation. "Oh, so strange to sit alway and chat like this!" cries my pretty little French friend, folding her flying wings of fingers in her lap, squaring her shoulders, and setting her head firmly back. "I know not how you talk so!" Anyone who has suffered from well-bred English conversationalists, until their very bones have ached under the strain, will agree with my piquante *madame*.

*

What fun it is to hear the torrent of tumbling words, as the Frenchman relieves his mind of a real or fancied grievance. What sweet music is the trembling ripple of gratitude that slips so gracefully from the eager lips of the being you have befriended. What scathing, stinging scorn drops in bitter syllables, slow, distinct and crushing from the Gaul who is outraged, flouted or injured. The English language when pure, is strong and sweet, grave and gentle, but it lacks the fire, the light, the impulse, the happiness, and the *insouciance* of the dripping talk which belongs "Tother side o' Channel."

*

Christmas is coming! A faraway memory comes to me as I write, of a long past Christmas in a small and stay-behind town in the west. A wide, low cottage with a quaint little veranda, a trim swept walk, deep drifts of snow such as we never have nowadays, and in the open hall doorway a father, a mother, a little red-faced girl, watching a couple of Indians pigeon-toeing through the snowdrifts, padding along the swept path, (into which the sly wind is softly sifting snow flurries) and pausing expectantly, crying in their pretty broken English "Kissmuss! Kissmuss!" Without ceremony they pad softly into the hallway and out to the wide kitchen, where they have "Kissmuss" of fat pork and tea, and are oblivious to the sniffs of Bridget. I don't remember who they were or why they came, but I know the lady-Indian ate her fat pork with her fingers, much to my astonishment, and presently she and her brave companion pigeon-toed across the fields again, leaving me wholly delighted, with a wee straw basket and a memory that has never lost its distinctness.

*

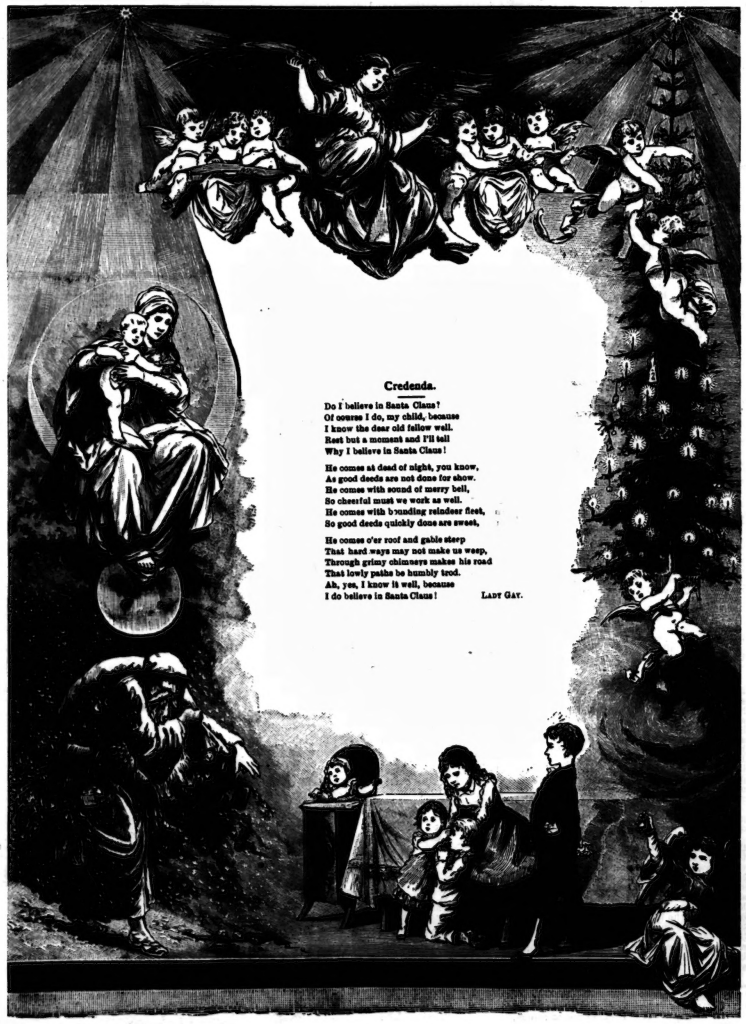
This year the snow will probably be there, and the trim swept path and the hospitable hall door, but the little red-faced girl will be as far from it all as if she were at the North Pole, and the Indians, let us hope, will say softly, "Kismuss, Kismuss," in the very glory of the Christ-child's own smile. Dear paper friends, who send me gentle messages and fragrant flowers and sweet encouragement from week to week, till I have learned to look far ahead to the day when I hope to know you, accept all good Christmas wishes and New Year's blessings and hearty good-will from

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Miss Emily Healey of Boston is now in Edinburgh, where she intends passing the winter. She will remain in Europe another year.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, who is in mourning for the death of her young son, is to be seen occasionally at the picture-galleries and in the *salons* of London where artists most do congregate.



Credenda.

Do I believe in Santa Claus?
Of course I do, my child, because
I know the dear old fellow well.
Rest but a moment and I'll tell
Why I believe in Santa Claus!

He comes at dead of night, you know,
As good deeds are not done for show.
He comes with sound of merry bell,
So cheerful must we work as well.
He comes with wonder-laden fleet,
So good deeds quickly done are sweet,

He comes o'er roof and gable steep
That hard ways may not make us weep,
Through grimy chimneys makes his road
That lowly paths be humbly trod.
Ah, yes, I know it well, because
I do believe in Santa Claus!

LADY GAY.

An American lady, popular in Boston society, has met with a serious accident in Scotland. She was driving, when the horse took fright at a passing engine. The vehicle was overturned and Miss Beal thrown out, the horse falling on her and injuring her face badly.

The Queen is to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne on Tuesday, December 22, and her Majesty's family party during the Christmas holidays will include the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

It is estimated that there are at the present time in the United States about three hundred and fifty electric railways in operation or under construction, employing 6,500 cars, and having a combined length of 3,000 miles. All improvements point to the use of motors of single gear. Long, capacious cars will be adopted on all important roads, and small and wasteful engines are doomed to displacement.

Very young ladies just out in society in the American cities, are spoken of as "buds." There is to be a patriarchs' ball at Delmonico's on Dec. 19, when a bouquet of these beautiful buds will be present from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Miss Bonaparte, daughter of Colonel and Mrs Jerome Bonaparte, will make her *debut* on this occasion. The young lady is adorably pretty, and will be very rich one of these days.

King Oscar of Sweden is reputed to be the most accomplished royal personage in Europe. He is a playwright as well as a poet, and in addition to a profound knowledge of astronomy, he is well versed in general science. Like many other European sovereigns, he has a pronounced taste for music, and is a very skilful performer on the organ. In physical stature he is a giant, surpassing even the Czar in height.

Nowhere else but in America would the romantic attachment between an heiress of the Vanderbilt millions and an unknown young hospital physician (which began in unromantic hospital wards) have been allowed to culminate in the subsequent marriage of Dr. William Seward Webb, of sterling old Connecticut stock, and Lelia Vanderbilt, the possessor of twelve million dollars in her own right. The marriage has been a happy one, and the doctor has renounced Æsculapius for the more lucrative profession of railroading, in which he has attained distinguished success.

One of the surviving officers of Kane's pioneer arctic expediton, Captain J. Wall Wilson, has long been a resident of New York. He is a lively and well preserved old gentleman, with a fund of anecdotes relating to the days when he ate boiled shoes and blubber by the light of the aurora borealis. He lost one toe by freezing, and had an attack of scurvy as a result of the privations of the undertaking, but otherwise he returned unscathed. Captain Wilson says that so far as he can learn, there is only one other of the officers who accompanied the expedition, now alive.

The law-suit directed by the Duc de Vallombrosa against his son, the Marquis de Mores, with the object of obtaining the formation of a council to administrate his son's fortune, has just been made public. All the members of the family, with the exception of the late Duc des Cars, approve the father's demands. The Marquis de Mores married an American, Miss von Hoffmann, and was much spoken of in the American journals, a few years ago, in connection with the assassination of a cowboy, which took place on his ranch in the west.

No American woman has made such a stir and sensation in London for a long time as Mrs. Abbott, the Georgia Magnet, who is now illustrating her powers or accomplishments at the Alhambra. There are quite a dozen girls and women in the United States who perform in public precisely the same experiments in dynamics, or electricity, or magnetism, or whatever the force may be called. In fact, the entertainment there is somewhat played out, and the professors usually confine their representations to what are called Bowery dime museums, where the admission is ten cents, and which are patronized by the humbler classes.

Holiday Calendars.

AS the holidays approach, many and novel are the calendars seen in the shop windows, tempting people to buy.

Many there are who must fashion with their own hands the pretty souvenirs sent by them to loving friends as holiday gifts. One of the most artistic and original of calendars was designed by a New York artist, and is made of parchment paper nine and a half inches in width.

The decorations are most unique and Oriental, and are done in sepia.

The leaves are tied together with the softest crepe-looking ribbon of a yellow shade. The ribbon is also run in and out at the bottom and tied in bows at the corners.

On the cover appears a quaint-looking scroll with A. D. 1892 in it. Each page has fancy scrolls, together with other novel designs. The holes for the ribbon to be run through are not punched as ordinary ones are, but are burned out with acid.

Another novel and attractive calendar is divided into the four seasons.

Spring is represented by a cunning child with an umbrella over his head to protect him from the spring showers. Flowers are growing all around him and he looks the personification of happiness and contentment.

Summer shows another child, bare-footed and bare-armed, fanning himself and enjoying the summer fruits and flowers. Next comes fall, with its autumn leaves and berries, and a child playing happily among the rustling leaves. Winter is represented by a bright-faced child bundled up to its chin with furs and robes and the snow coming down fast. Anyone with bright ideas can vary this and make a variety of calendars from this novel and picturesque design.

The one described is done on white Bristol board, but parchment paper or water color paper can be used equally well.

A very simple and attractive calendar is made of water color paper and has twelve pages, one for each month, all fastened together at the top with a silk cord so that as the months slip by they can be slipped over the top at the back. The designs seen on this are grasses, berries and sprays of flowers suited to the month.

Appropriate quotations are also found on each page, which are given below:

"January, icy cold,
Leaves a mantle soft and white."

"February, sharp and bold,
Onward takes his busy flight."

"March's chilly breezes blow,
Still they're touched by winter's hand."

"April melts the frozen snow,
April sunshine floods the land."

"May awakes the sleeping flowers,
Reigns a sweet and happy queen,
With her coaxing sun and showers,
Robes the trees in tender green."

"June is bright with roses gay,
Harebells bloom around her feet."

"Hot July rakes new mown hay
From the meadows, fresh and sweet."

"August's pleasant, quiet reign
Bids the meadow lilies come."

"And September's golden grain
Makes a welcome harvest home."

"Glad October's shining sun
Paints the leaves in richest dyes."

"And November, dreary one,
Shoots his arrows as he flies."

"Cold December's latest breath
Makes the woods and meadows drear,
And his sparkle cloes in death
As he ends the happy year."

A very simple and effective calendar is of parchment paper, ten inches by seven. In the left hand lower corner is the small calendar pad that can be obtained very easily at any insurance office.

A graceful spray of wild roses is painted on one side. At the top appears the quotation, "Leaf by leaf the roses fall."

Another equally pretty one is of heavy water color paper, and has a pretty little snow scene on it, surrounded by a wreath of mistletoe and holly. The quotation on this is, "The leaves of life keep falling one by one."

A very unique calendar is of white Bristol board six inches by four and a half, and is fastened together by a white silk cord and tassels. On the cover is a flock of birds, with trailing vines and flowers, and a fairy looking into the distance. Kate Greenway figures in their picturesque costumes are seen on each page with an appropriate quotation for the month represented.

It is a good plan to take quotations from some favorite author and illustrate it as fancy dictates. Dickens, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, E. P. Roe, Helen Hunt Jackson and Frances E. Willard are all excellent writers, and appropriate quotations can be selected from their books for calendars.

It is always wisest to have any gift suited to the person it is intended for. This is by no means difficult when one is making a variety of calendars. A very acceptable one can be made for a friend whose chief hobby is temperance, by selecting temperance quotations from different authors. Another one for an enthusiast on equal suffrage can be arranged in a similar manner.

Where one has a scrap book and saves popular poems, essays, etc., it is an easy matter to procure quotations for almost any style of a calendar.

Not only are calendars suitable for holiday gifts, but they can be made very profitable if one desires. Many a merchant will be glad to have some artist furnish him with hand-painted ones for the holidays, and will pay a good price for them.

Calendars are always in demand for Christmas fairs and bazaars, and usually bring a good price.—*Home Decorator.*

Christmas Memories.

"I hope I may never outgrow my interest in Christmas trees and Christmas gifts and Christmas holidays," exclaimed a middle-aged lady, as she deftly knotted a bit of ribbon for the trimming of a doll's hat. "There is something wonderfully gentle and sweet and tender in such associations. Perhaps it is the traditions of our childhood and youth that make us so interested in such things. To be sure, there is more or less illusion about it; indeed, there is much of that in all affairs over which we grow enthusiastic.

"How well I remember my earliest impressions of Santa Claus, and how I used to listen on Christmas Eve to hear the patter of the reindeer hoofs on the shingles and the scratching and scrambling of Saint Nick as he clambered down the chimney and up again. The house we lived in was an old-fashioned country house, and had some rambling additions with sloping roofs over wide sheds at the back of the building. I distinctly recall one day when I donned cloak and hood, mittens and rubber boots, and waded out into the snow in the yard behind the house to see by what highway Saint Nicholas must come. I examined every inch of the chimney, and begged the servant to build the fire at one side of the great fire-place, so that Santa Claus might not scorch himself or his precious parcels, as he came down. Then when I was told that he would not come while any of the children remained awake, how persistently I tried to go to sleep. No victim of chronic insomnia wooed the drowsy god with more earnestness than did I, but, being naturally an excitable child, I sometimes stayed wide awake until almost morning. And how fervently I prayed that the Christ Child would send some angel to tell Santa that: 'If I was awake I didn't try to do it, for I had tried so very hard to go to sleep,' and more than likely a burst of tears relieved my over-wrought nerves, and I dropped off to sleep to awake with the bright light of Christmas morning shining into my room.

"The members of the family which neglects to observe the festivities of the holiday season, have none of these sweet and tender memories to turn to in times of trouble. Such recollections are a safeguard and a refuge in storms of adversity, and for this, if for no other reason, the festival spirit should be cultivated in every household. Gifts and good cheer, peace on earth and good will towards men, should fill the homes and the hearts of children on such occasions. Whatever may be the home life at other seasons, do not defraud the little ones of their share in the pleasures and brightness of this most delightful portion of the year."

Another Way of Looking at It.

Bloobumper—What a pretty child Mrs. Jaysmith's baby is!

Mrs. Bloobumper—Yes; and it didn't get its beauty from its papa either.

Bloobumper—I don't know about that. Jaysmith hasn't any left.

A Serious Matter.

"Hoffy 's met with a dweadfully distwessing accident."

"Deah me!"

"Ya-as. Spwained his cane."

"How wible!"

Too Demmed Democratic.

Mr. Goodsell (on Vestibule Train)—But what do you think of our palace car service? Isn't that nearly perfect?

Lord Howlong—I thing it's an infernal nuisance. It always makes me uncomfortable to see other people as I am.

Disappointed.

Nibs—Why did Viewalker look so downcast when he heard that seals were scarce this season?

Bibs—He intended getting a new collar on his overcoat this winter.

AN ISLAND IDYL.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

Written for Saturday Night by E. M. Scholefield.

PART II.

A glorious blue sky flecked with drifting white clouds and a hot sun shining down on a row of fantastically painted cottages, and turning the rippling lake into a dazzling shimmer of gold; a gravelled beach and a rough wharf, on which two girls and two bulgy luncheon baskets are planted.

"But Meg," says Marie, "I feel so queer about going out on a yacht with these strangers, though it was lovely of them to invite me. Do tell me something about them." Meg meditatively pulls off her Tam o' Shanter cap, rumples her fuzzy hair into the semblance of a deranged hay-stack and replies, "There is nothing much to tell. The Oscar Germaines are we land are very nice people and own the yacht, and are glad to get Father and Lion and any of the Island fellows who can get away from business in the afternoon to come and help sail her. As for their inviting you, why, the girls are scarce on this side of the Island, and you are our friend, and they always ask us, and you and Mr. Germaine got on so well together last night—oh, of course, it's all right!"

Marie wonders which gentleman among those who were introduced to her last night could have been Mr. Germaine. Certainly she chatted with several of them, and that one who was so proud of having won the booby-prize—she got on with him capitally—yes, he is the fortunate owner of the yacht, no doubt.

Presently the white sails of a small yacht appear round a bend in the shore, the graceful boat rounds to, and the sails flap idly in the light breeze. In a few moments two men are seated in the dingey, the painter is loosed and thrown in, and the little boat approaches the wharf on which the two girls are seated.

"Mr. Germaine and Harry Fladgate," murmurs Meg, and Marie gazes in surprise upon the occupants of the boat, who have both lifted their caps and glanced at her, but neither of whom has she ever set eyes upon before, so far as she can recollect.

One, a dark, and rather delicate-looking fellow, with a fine frank face, is talking away to Meg at a great rate; while the other, a tall man of no particular complexion, is busily stowing away the fat luncheon baskets, and arranging cushions. He now holds out his hand to assist Marie into the comfortable seat he has prepared; and, as she steps lightly down, looks straight into her eyes with such a kindly friendly smile, that the girl is more puzzled than ever, and gazes at him with a soft color coming and going in her cheeks.

Meanwhile Meg has skipped into the bow, the dark youth takes bow oar, and Marie's cavalier is rowing a long slow stroke, which shows off his magnificent physique admirably.

"Introduce me," murmurs the dark youth over his shoulder to Meg, who says: "Oh, of course! Marie dear, Mr. Harry Fladgate, Miss De la Roche. You two others are friends already," and instantly is absorbed again in conversation with Mr. Fladgate.

But Marie looks helplessly into the gravely smiling face before her, and says simply, "I don't know what she means; if you do, please explain."

"My name is Douglas Germaine, and I trust we are, as Miss Meg says, friends already." Marie turns the voice of the owner of the crimson stockings of last night. Involuntarily Marie glances at his legs. These shapely members are certainly the same—and the stockings, and the voice—but Germaine, Douglas Germaine!

"I called you Mr. Douglas; you told me to, yourself," she says, looking reproachfully at him.

"I will explain—I meant to explain last night, but it slipped out of my mind. Do not be offended, I entreat," says the young man hastily, as he hauls her up the side of the yacht. Meg and Mr. Fladgate have come on board before her, and proceed to make her feel at home with the Oscar Germaines, a hearty middle-aged couple, who, though childless, are fond of young people, and surround themselves as much as possible with everything attractive to youth.

Alice and Lionel Strange, a couple of young ladies, Lucy and Maud McDowell, and a couple of nondescript young men, make up the party, with all of whom Marie is speedily on the best of terms.

"Now Mr. Germaine," says Alice sweetly, to the owner of the charming legs, "let us resume our lessons on steering." laying one hand upon the tiller, and motioning to him to sit beside her, which he cannot choose but do, though without any great show of satisfaction in the arrangement.

Lionel, thus released from his duties as steersman, produces a basket of fine peaches, which he purchased at the Lion Station, when on his way down from the bank to the yachts' city moorings, where most of the party came aboard.

The peaches being duly appreciated, Marie is enjoying a quiet conversation with kind Mrs. Germaine, when they are interrupted by peals of laughter, accompanied by emphatic protests from the eldest Miss McDowell.

The young lady is seated in the companionway, insisting that she will have been foolish enough to refuse that fine young fellow, people wondered. But there was no enlightenment; and gradually the group, accompanied by emphatic protests from the eldest Miss McDowell.

"Dearest Lucy," says he, with exaggerated emotion. "I love you to distraction. Be mine, I implore you. Shed those delicious smiles upon my pathway forever. Say yes, beloved. If you refuse me I shall throw myself overboard."

"Mr. Germaine, I appeal to you as chaperone," cried the laughing girl.

"Indeed Lion," said that amused lady, "I must insist on your setting out of that ridiculous posture at once. Consider, should anyone be watching us from the shore with a field-glass!"

But Lionel seems in no hurry. "Then you refuse me, Lucy?" he asks.

"I certainly do," decidedly.

"Then you doom me to a watery grave." And before anyone suspects his intention Lionel has tumbled overboard splash into the lake. Marie is alarmed for a moment, but the others, accustomed to his pranks, are highly amused.

The ready steersman brings the boat round, the great boom slowly settles over to leeward, the sail flaps, then fills, and they move quickly through the blue water to the spot where Lionel is leisurely swimming. Old Jim Stunt, the professional sailor who lives on and cares for the yacht, throws out a coil of rope. Lionel has caught the end of it and quickly clambers aboard, disappearing, as it seems to Marie's astonished eyes, right through the deck up near the bow somewhere. After a while he appears again, promptly enough, up the companion steps clad in dry garments and appearing refreshed by his dip. Instantly he is taken to task by Mrs. Germaine for his outrageous behavior, and he proposes that he shall do penance by "taking the stick" (the vernacular for steering) during the rest of the afternoon.

This accomplished, by and by Douglas Germaine is free to introduce Marie to some cushions piled upon the deck, where, having settled her comfortably with her back against the cabin-top, he throws himself at her feet with an appearance of complete content.

"I have to make my peace with you," he begins, "but really it was as much your fault as mine. You would not wait for me to say, Germaine."

"Mendacity, thy name is man!"

"Now, that is not fair; it's name is just as much woman. Are you fond of flowers?"

"Some flowers, not all. Whatever are you doing?" for he has inserted one long arm through a little window in the side of the cabin, and is groping within; whence, from some mysterious receptacle, he produces a paper box and lays it on her lap, saying simply, "I passed you would like them."

Marie does like "these"—a lovely cluster of Marechal Neil roses—and forgives him all his sins at once, past and prospective, and they settle down for a long chat on sundry interesting topics.

"I want to know if that is a uniform you are wearing, and if so, what uniform?" she begins, glancing approvingly at his white and crimson suit.

"It is the football costume of the Torontos. We were practicing this morning with the Varsities, and I was too lazy to change it for correct nautical gear," pointing to the two nondescript young men who are devoting themselves to Alice Strange. They are clad in white "ducks" and dark blue jerseys, a fascinating negligee costume.

Marie approves, and says: "Well! and I want to hear all about football, and lacrosse, and tobogganing, and ice-boating and everything of that kind."

"What a large order!" smiling up at her. "It will take many afternoons to tell you all that. How is it you are not 'up' in your native sports?"

"Papa is always busy and the twins always studying or away, and I have been up here at Madame D——'s for years back, and in the holidays I read most of the time.

"What a lot I shall have to teach you, that is," hastily, "if you will let me. Nothing is pleasanter than introducing a novice to the enjoyments of this Canada of ours."

So they chat on easily, unheeding the fact that Alice Strange's blue eyes flash indignant glances in their direction pretty often. They notice nothing.

"See those two!" asks Mr. Fladgate of the youngest Miss McDowell, "a clear case of spoons I call it. Love at first sight and that sort of thing, don't you know, Miss Maud," and he beams through an unimpeachable eye-glass upon the unconscious pair along the deck.

But Alice Strange broke in sharply:

"Nonsense, Harry, don't be absurd. Mr. Germaine is only amused with her chatter. She has only just left school and is a mere baby."

"All the same I believe Mr. Fladgate is right," returns Miss Maud. "Why, he can't take his eyes off her, and whoever saw him so devoted to any girl before? Depend upon it that will be the next engagement announced. Fortunate child that she is!"

Alice says no more but disappears into the cabin and remains there until Oscar Germaine and his wife go down to unpack the baskets and lumpy-looking parcels. Peculiar and varied are the directions they call to him through a minute doorway in the end of the cabin, to which a gruff voice returns an unintelligible reply.

That was a delightful tea, how merry they all were, and what wild spirits Lionel was in. How the two nondescript young men distinguished themselves by eating a amazing quantity of everything, and how the two Miss McDowells laughed.

Afterwards, when they were all grouped about the deck in the starlight, how delightful that was; and though the wind had died away it was chilly enough for fleecy shawls to be wrapped about fair shoulders, and that was delightful too. When the ladies were all landed about ten o'clock and tripped away to their cottages, there was not one of them who did not pause before entering to watch the shadowy white sails disappearing in the distance, for the yacht had to be taken round to her anchorage at the Club House. And thoughts of all, save one, were bright and happy thoughts.

* * *

Three months have passed by, during which have occurred many such excursions, and still Douglas Germaine devotes much of his time to Marie De la Roche. Both are aware of the laughing comments of onlookers; but their friendship is too dear and beautiful a thing to be harmed by idle gossip, or so they tell each other. However, as Carlyle tells us, "Life is, in few instances, and at rare intervals, the diapason of a heavenly melody; oftenest the fierce jar of disruptions and convulsions which, do what we will, there is no disregarding."

Then there came a change. Douglas Germaine disappeared; had gone down to the Bay of Quinte for his health, people said.

Marie did not seem affected in any way. Could she have been foolish enough to refuse that fine young fellow, people wondered. But there was no enlightenment; and gradually the talk died away. They had been close friends, and Lionel confided to Marie what no one else even suspected was going on—all the ups and downs of his courtship of Lucy McDowell, of whom the Stranges saw a great deal this winter.

Marie advised, cheered and encouraged him, and was the greatest comfort to him, for his ladylove has a merry heart, and enjoys seeing the young fellow in torments all about nothing, for, as she tells herself, "Surely he must know in his heart that he is like a young god to me." But Marie grows languid and seems to shrink more from society week by week, till by the time spring comes she spends most of her time alone on the library sofa. Dr. Puffkins says it is only a touch of low fever, and gives her quinine; but Lionel begins to look really distressed.

One evening at dinner Mrs. Strange innocently sets alight a train of gunpowder.

"It has struck me as peculiar that Mr. Douglas Germaine has not been here once since we left the Island. Can you have offended him, girls?"

Both Alice and Meg assure her it is not so, for they often meet Mr. Germaine in town and he is always very friendly.

"Well, Lion had better bring him up some evening," says Mrs. Strange; "he is such a pleasant young fellow, it is a pity he should not drop in sometimes in the evenings like our other Island friends."

And so the matter drops. But Lionel has seen something in Marie's eyes which brings him to her side in the dimly lighted library the moment he can get away. She is absorbed in sad reflection. Kneeling beside her Lionel implores her to confide her troubles to him, but Marie only shakes her head and tells him, "It is no use, Lion dear, you cannot help me; no one can."

"But I can, and I will," Lionel declares. "It is not regard for Alice that has held me back so long, but the fear of making worse mischief." But before Marie can ask his meaning he has disappeared, and she sees him no more that night.

The following evening Marie is sitting in the quiet old library again, chatting with Lucy McDowell, when Lionel comes to her suddenly. "Dear little woman," he says, "I have been interfering in your affairs, but I think you will forgive me when you see my excuse. Here it is. Come Lucy," and straightway departs, leaving in his stead that tall form for which Marie's eyes have hungered during this long weary winter. She cannot find words to greet him, but regards him with a wistfully questioning gaze, till at last the young fellow finds his voice—that soft seductive voice—how Marie thrills at the sound of it.

"Do not speak," he says then; "do not say one word till I have told my story, and then you may say what you will. My story is Lion's story, too, but I am to tell you his part of it—poor fellow, he is so distressed! Do you remember that Sunday night last September when they had all gone round the Island to church, and I stayed at home in the garden with you to help you endure your headache? I could have sworn we were quite alone that night, yet it seems we had a listener. Alice Strange for some reason changed her mind and hurried home again. Lion hearing she felt ill, followed, but did not catch up to her until she had reached the gate. There she stopped, and seemed to listen intently for a long time. Lion thought her movements so curious that he leaned against the fence in the shadow and waited, wondering what she could or could be engaged upon. By and by she slipped round by the side entrance and disappeared into the house. But Lion heard voices in the garden as he passed the gate, and turned back to see who was there. He saw us, of course, and turned away, knowing that Alice must have been listening to our conversation, but feeling so upset by the idea that he tried to put it out of his mind and partially succeeded.

"Marie, do you remember how I opened my heart to you that night, how I told you all of that sad old story, that no one about here can possibly have heard of, my love for a faithless woman when I was little more than a boy? Tears glittered in your eyes, my Marie, and you looked so true—I had nearly spoken then and told you all that was in my heart, but I feared it was too soon. For two swift delicious months I had been trying to teach you to care for me, but I felt you hung back in nothing beyond friendship yet. It might spoil all to speak too soon. I would show it first without words. And I fancied that your heart beat then with something more than sympathy with the story of long ago—something wonderful and beautiful—for me. How happy I was—how steadily happy—thinking a few more days would show you your own heart and I might claim my own. Oh, my little girl, I was sure I saw it coming; in the trembling of the hand against the railing on which you leaned, in the tears upon your cheek, in the soft tones in which you told your gentle sympathy. Yes, I dared to see it all and be happy. But the next day I happened to walk up from the ferry with Alice Strange. She talked of you and naturally enough I was willing enough. I heard of your wonderful powers as an actress and of a harmless tendency towards mild flirtations, natural to such a pretty child. No thought of treachery crossed my mind. I was amused at the idea of you as an actress—the other view of you was too absurd to consider. I asked for particulars as to your dramatic talent, and she instanced the fact of your having repeated all my heart-felt confidences of the night before, with many comments and ridicule of me. Oh Marie, let me tell all the story before you speak. She repeated my words—the very tones of my voice as I spoke to you. What could I believe except that you had repeated it all as a jest! Oh it was hard. It almost killed me to think of it; and I rushed away to try and forget you. It was something like that other story, only the bitterness and pain seemed infinitely more cruel. And I could not forget you, so I came back and tried to bury myself in my work. Somehow the time has dragged on, till Lion came to-day, and asking nothing, told me what he had seen that September night, and I saw that it was all a wicked lie. And now, Marie—oh my little girl if you can forgive——"

As of course Marie could.

"I say," cried Lion's voice by and by, "we don't want to stay guarding this door till May-day. Hurry and make it up, and come and tell me you won't fight any more. Why! Marie, child, what deliciously pink cheeks, must draw your attention to Lucy's cheeks. I've been kissing them," in a low audible whisper, "and Lucy actually likes it—disgraceful, I call it. You had better lecture her about it; I think, and see what she has got to say in excuse. Douglas, old fellow, thank Heaven it was all a mistake, caused by wretched gossip, best forgotten. But how jolly things are going to be now! I feel as if I would do me good to stand on my head. Only Lucy might object. I plainly see I am going to do as I choose no longer. It is an awfully serious business to be almost a married man!"

THE END.

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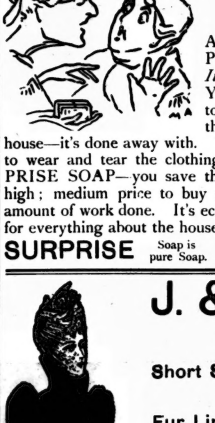

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Before the Meeting.

Lawyer (before Oneida Valley justice)—Your Honor, I move for the discharge of the prisoner.

Justice (looking all around the room)—Does any one second that motion?

Not to Mince Matters

Wagg—Smith, the baker, is a very scholarly person.

Quigley—Why so?

Wagg—He has a sign over his pie counter, 'Such stuff as dreams are made of.'

Mr. D. C. Brosseau, wholesale merchant of Montreal, states that he suffered for several years violent attacks of headache due to indigestion. He says he was perfectly cured by having taken a few bottles of Dr. Sey's Remedy.

volition to the personal life? Has unbelief any solution to that problem?—*Nevison Loraine.*

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Death and Annihilation.

What is death—a gate or a terminus? In other words, what happens to the personal life at what is called death? There is a crisis in life at which a great change takes place. That change may be wrought in a moment, "in the twinkling of an eye," without forewarning, or it may come slow and steadily stages, and with many heralds of its advent. It may come in the fresh and hopeful morning of life, when glory lights the hills, or it may come at eventime when

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of the night."

It is a change not at first in any material measurement of the physical frame, but in the passing away of an imponderable, intangible, invisible somewhat, the mysterious center of the vital energies, of the reason and affections, of the understanding and the will of thought, desire and conscience—all that constitutes the *ego*, the personal self. At death it disappears—is gone. Whither? The instrument, "fearfully and wonderfully made," is still there in its material entirety, in weight and measurement of substance undiminished; but the master minstrel who awoke the music of its temporal life, where is he? Possibly he was so great in some that time he taken his music into cherished possession, and will never let it perish; perchance he was only so beloved that his exodus has left the world dark for some true and tender heart; but where is he? What has become of him? Man doth and wasteth away—yes, man giveth up the ghost—and where is he? What has become of the mysterious energy that set the prostrate figure on its feet, taught the lips language, and gave all thought and love and

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Scotty's Faith.

"Whew! What a night!" muttered the guard of a Sixth avenue train as he threw open the gates at Thirty-third street. "I'll bet there ain't a passenger gets on. No sensible man, woman or child would be out at this time of night in a storm, and Christmas Eve, too."

He was about to close the gate again and seek the protection of the interior of the car, when a small form emerged through the blinding snow and passed inside. It was the form of a very small and very ragged boy, with a small bundle of evening papers under his arm. He had protected them, apparently, for a time by covering them with a piece of brown wrapping paper, but they were wet through and through now, and valueless, even though they were earlier than midnight. He was a very tired and sleepy little fellow, and he was sound asleep almost as soon as he touched the cane seat of the car.

"He hasn't been long at the business," said the guard to himself with a pitying smile. "Most of 'em gets along without any sleep at all, so far as I can see."

The boy, beyond his extreme youth and the absence of the characteristic tough facial expression of the New York *gamin*, was merely a conventional specimen of the army of boys who make a living—Heaven knows what kind of a living!—by selling the daily papers. Of all the inhabitants of the great metropolis their life is probably the most mysterious and by no means the least interesting. Most of them are homeless and practically all of them are dependent upon the sale of newspapers for their daily food. One wonders how they ever get money enough to buy clothes, if, indeed, they ever buy any, what they do for medical attendance in time of sickness, how and why they ever drifted into such a life, and what becomes of them when they leave it. The youngster who sat asleep in the car of the Sixth avenue L train on this Christmas Eve, was undoubtedly a beginner at the business. An old overcoat that he wore and on which there still remained a single button, showed by its patches that he had once been cared for by a woman. His rough shoes, carelessly laced, were still guiltless of holes and above them one could see that he wore a pair of fairly warm stockings. Indeed, one would have hazarded the guess that he was the son of some poor workingwoman, a widow probably, and that she had died some months before and left her poor little penniless boy to win his own right to existence.

As the train pulled up at Park Place the knowing guard gave him a hearty shake and shouted in his ear:

"Say, kid, you want to get off here, don't you?"

The boy yawned, opened his eyes, grabbed his wet papers, and with a comical sigh prepared to get out.

"Do you live at the Newsboys' Lodging House?" asked the guard.

"Nope," he answered.

"Where?" asked the guard.

"I'm partners with Blinks," replied the boy.

"Who's Blinks?" asked the guard; but the sleepy boy was on the platform by this time, and he did not hear the answer. Dashing down the steps of the station, he struck off in the heavily falling snow for Newspaper Row. He was just opposite the postoffice when he heard, some yards away, the peculiar falsetto "Youhou!" by which boys signal to each other. He answered it by a similar call, and made in the direction of the sound he had heard. At the corner of Park Row he met the other boy, who was standing under a street lamp, with his back to the storm.

"Hello, Scotty!" said the latter.

"Hello, Blinks!" said the little boy (for the other was, perhaps, four or five years the elder).

"Wot's the luck?"

"Not much, Blinks—de storm was too bad."

"How much chink yer got, Scotty?"

"Only seventeen cents, Blinks."

"Days no coffee and doughnuts to night, then, Scotty, and no breakfast to-morrow till we earn it, for I'm busted."

"Oh, Blinks!" said Scotty. "And dis is Christmas Eve."

"Dat's all de luckier. To-morrow we gets a big dinner for nuthin', don't we? Dat's de only good Christmas is to us, anyway."

But there were a couple of big tears in Scotty's eyes. He made no reply, but put his hand affectionately in the great, rough, and I regret to say, dirty hand of Blinks, and walked on with him. The fact was that this was the first Christmas since the death of his mother, and, poor though she was, she had always been able to make Christmas a happy day for her little boy, and one to be thought of weeks before it came, and remembered weeks after it had passed. The fact was too that Scotty was, in the newsboy vernacular, "a sissy boy," or, in other words, a little bit effeminate, and had been known to cry on several occasions before. It was a knowledge of this effeminacy that had caused the Blinks protectorate, as it were. A protectorate it was that was recognized all over town, for Master Blinks had administered several thrashings on Scotty's account, and held himself ready for an indefinite increase in the number, should it become necessary to administer them.

The two boys walked a short way down the street and turned into Theater alley. It was evidently a familiar locality to them, for they made almost unconsciously for the red glare that came from the engine-room of one of the great office-buildings not far from the intersection of Theater alley and Ann street. Here they suddenly disappeared from view. A close observer might have discovered, had he been watching them, that they had crawled into one of the air-shafts of the office-building, and would not have been wrong if he had supposed that they had made it their habitual sleeping-place. It was not an uncomfortable place for a couple of gamins either. Being next to the engine-room, it was always quite warm enough, there was plenty of ventilation, and what most commended it to the boys, there was no one to say when they should come in and when they should leave. If the engineer or a stray policeman should happen to notice them, in all probability they would be left undisturbed, for these watchers of the night are by no means heartless. And then the throbbing of the engine and the rumble of the presses in the basement of the building were a not unpleasant lullaby after one got used to it.

Blinks had no sooner gained his accustomed place alongside the warm wall than he began to go to sleep, but it was not so with Scotty. The smaller boy could not forget even in misery the fact that it was Christmas Eve. He sighed a little and perhaps he cried. Gray-haired boys have done that when they thought of their mothers—so it would not have been at all effeminate. At any rate, just as Blinks was about to dream of a happy land, where every one always won at "craps," Scotty put his hand confidingly in Blink's and asked:

"Blinksy, do you believe there is a Santa Claus?"

"Naw!" responded Blinks sleepily, "o' course dey ain't. I don't believe in none o' dem things. You won't sider when you know as much as I do."

"Mudder said ders was," continued Scotty.

"Aw! de wimmen tries to make de kids believe der is," growled Blinks. "But, tain't so just de samey."

"It 'u'd be awfully nice if it was so," said the smaller boy, with a great sigh.

"T'wouldn't do us no good," said the larger, very cynically. "Ye don't suppose he'd be scooping around in Teater alley looking for kids, do yer? 'Sides, he only gives kids playthings and candy, and dey wouldn't do us no good. Wot we wants, Scotty, is chink, and we wants it badly."

Here Blinks, having settled the question beyond doubt, turned over and went promptly to sleep. But Scotty—Well, Scotty couldn't sleep for a long time.

The presses were just beginning to whir in the press-room of the great *Daily Universe*, and the night editor, copy readers and foremen were redoubling their efforts to get the paper out on time (a race with time that occurs three hundred and sixty-five nights in every newspaper office in the land), when Mr. Sackett, the somewhat intellectual-looking sporting editor of the aforesaid *Universe*, cocked his feet up on the desk in front of him, emitted through his eye-glasses in the face of the telegraph editor, and asked the latter:

"What the deuce are you doing with so many bundles, Mack?"

"Christmas presents for the children," replied the telegraph editor. "They've got to be happy one day in the year, you know, if their father is a newspaper man."

"It is Christmas, isn't it?" continued the sporting editor. "I haven't given or received a Christmas present in ten years, I guess. I suppose you think I'm deteriorating?"

"I never think any man is deteriorating who can show up as much money as that," replied the other, glancing at a great pile of crumpled bills—ones, fives, tens, and even twenties—that the sporting editor was smoothing out and piling up in what he would have called a "homogeneous mass."

"Yes, I'm not poor to-night," said Sackett, in a slightly self-satisfied tone of voice. "I guess I could afford to give a few modest presents, but the deuce of it is I haven't any one to give them to."

"Get married," said the telegraph editor, walking out of the room with his bundles.

"Not on your naturalization papers," responded the happy Mr. Sackett.

Then he continued his operations in finance. It did not take him long, and, folding up the roll of bills, he took his stylish hat (which he had won, of course, on an election bet—he always won), and, saying "Good night," walked out.

Mr. Sackett was blessed not only with a happy disposition, but likewise with a very healthy appetite. So, when he walked out of the office, he wended his way down Ann street to an all night restaurant, where he leisurely discussed a *Canape Lorenzo* and a bottle of ale. Then he lit a fragrant Imperial, took a couple of critical whiffs, to let the proprietor know that he knew what a good cigar was, buttoned up his coat and started for the Third avenue L station.

It was a singular coincidence that his cigar should go out directly in front of the air-shaft that sheltered the discomfiture Scotty and the sleepy Blinks. Mr. Sackett made a few remarks that were not intended for publication, leaned over into the shaft a little to get out of the wind and lit a match. As he raised the match to his cigar his eyes rested on something that made him pause and smile. It was a boy's repeated stocking hanging empty on the projecting end of a bolt on the side of the shaft. Mr. Sackett's match went out, but he lit another silently, and leaning still further over into the shaft he saw, in the faint light that the match gave, the sleeping forms of two boys at the bottom—the smaller with his arm thrown around the other's neck and a little, bare leg snuggled close up to the warm wall.

"Poor little devils!" exclaimed Mr. Sackett. Then his second match went out. It was several minutes before he lit a third match, but when he did, an observer might have noticed that his face wore an unusually self-satisfied expression even for him. And he did not look half as cynical and worldly as he usually tried to look, as he walked on to the station.

It was very early in the morning when Blinks shook Scotty and told him to wake up.

"Where's your stocking?" he asked almost roughly.

At the sound of the word "stocking," Scotty was wide awake. He looked eagerly up. There it was hanging at the top of the shaft where he had hung it the night before, after he was certain that Blinks was sound asleep; but, alas! it looked even leaner and emptier than it did when he hung it up. It was half-covered with ice, too, and there was a long icicle hanging from the end of a shoestring with which he had tied up a great hole in the toe.

"Well, you are a sissy!" said Blinks, contemptuously, climbing up and throwing the cold stocking down into Scotty's lap. Scotty said not a word. He couldn't have said a word for his life's sake; for he was biting his quivering lip till it hurt worse than the pain at his heart. He had trouble getting the string untied from his stocking, too; for there was a flood of tears in his eyes that almost blinded him.

"Hurry up," said Blinks roughly.

Scotty managed to pull on the stocking at last, though; and, lo, as he did so, his little cold foot stared out of the hole in the toe—a beautiful new five-dollar bill!

The tears ceased. The chiding of the manly Blinks ceased, also. And then the most astonished eyes that were ever seen in the heads of small boys looked at the wonderful sight.

"Hully Gee!" said Blinks, finally, catching his breath for a moment.

"I knowed it, Blinksey—I knowed it!" said the little boy, with a look of triumph.

"Scotty," said Blinks, after another pause, in which he had made sure, by personal examination, that the bill was an actual entity, and not the creature of a Christmas delirium, "how d'ye s'pose he knowed we wanted money?"

"God must 'a' told him, Blinksey," answered Scotty.

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A Wounded Poet ess.

Sir,—I can afford to smile at you, and I do smile at you. Calmly, blandly, bitterly, cynically, I sit and smile at you. I was asked just now by one of my family at what I was smiling. I said "I am smiling at an editor because he has rejected a poem of mine, entitled Love's Badinage."

I must tell you quite plainly that you are not a gentleman. No editor who was a gentleman could possibly reject Love's Badinage. It is a lovely lyric. You are not a critic. You are not a poet. You have no notion how to edit a paper. You are a lunatic and a contemptible cur. I have no wish to say anything that could be thought at all abusive, but I must speak the plain truth. I never lose my temper, but I do sometimes feel strongly. I feel very strongly on the subject of the importance of my own poetry to this nation. You not only rejected my Love's Badinage, you also refused my Scene in Summer, a poem which has been compared by a real critic—one whose opinion I value—to the best work of Wordsworth. When I think of the imbecility, immorality, and discourtesy of your conduct in refusing these two gems of poesy, I simply foam at the mouth and throw things about. You hound, how dare you refuse to print my poems!

Do not be angry at my restraint, the calm, the refinement, which are noticeable in this letter. It pleases me merely to be satirical at present; but if the lash of sarcasm fail to bring you to your senses, I shall not hesitate to use invective. I am almost tempted to send you no more poems at all, but I do not know if the paper should be made to suffer for the gross ignorance and stupidity of its editor. So I enclose seventeen fine lyrics. If you accept these and pay for them I will send you some more and conclude that you have regained your reason. If not, I shall write another letter to you in which I shall be far less careful to avoid wounding your feelings. We literary ladies have much to contend with. The vanity of certain editors is simply sickening; their incompetence is something deplorable. You printed nonsense by a person calling himself Meredith or some such name, and you refused my lyrics. Perhaps you thought that you would escape punishment, but you were mistaken. I imagine how you will writhe under my merciless epigrams in this letter, and I am glad. It will be good for you.

Cordially yours,

FANNY BOADICEA DOBBS.

A Musical Story.

The Dying Gag.

There was an affecting scene on the stage of a New York theater the other night—a scene invisible to the audience and not down on the bills, but one far more touching and pathetic than anything enacted before the footlights that night, although it was a minstrel company that gave the entertainment.

It was a wild, blustering night, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners, blinding the pedestrians with the clouds of dust that it caught up from the gutters and hurled into their faces.

Old man Sweeny, the stage door keeper, sitting in his little glazed box, was awakened by a sudden gust that banged the stage door and then went howling along the corridor, almost extinguishing the gas jets and making the minstrels shiver in their dressing-rooms.

"What! you here to night!" exclaimed old man Sweeny, as a frail figure muffled up in a huge ulster staggered through the doorway and stood leaning against the wall trying to catch his breath.

"Yes; I feel that I couldn't stay away from the footlights to-night. They tell me I'm old and worn out and had better take a rest, but I'll go on till I drop;" and with a hollow cough the Old Gag plodded wearily down the dim and draughty corridor, and sank, wearily on a sofa in the big dressing-room, where the other Gags and Conundrums were awaiting their cues.

"Poor old fellow!" said one of them sadly; "he can't hold out much longer."

"He ought not to go on except at matinees," replied another veteran, who was standing in front of the mirror, trimming his long, silvery beard; and just then an attendant came in with several basins of gruel, and the old Jests tucked napkins under their chins and sat down to partake of a little nourishment before going on.

The bell tinkled and the entertainment began. One after another the Jokes and Conundrums heard their cues, went on, and returned to the dressing-room; for they all had to go on again in the after-piece. The house was crowded to the doors, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the vast audience, as one after another of the old Quips and Jests, that had been treasured household words in many a family, came on and then disappeared to make room for others of their kind.

"You're called, sir!"

The Old Gag awoke from his reverie, and started to his feet, with something of the old-time fire flashing in his eye. Throwing aside his heavy ulster, he staggered to the entrance and stood there silently waiting for his cue.

"You're hardly strong enough to go on to-night," said a Merry Jest, touching him kindly on the arm; but the gray-bearded one shook him off.

As the evening wore on, the whisper ran through the theater that the Old Gag was going on that night—perhaps for the last time—and many an eye grew dim, many a pulse beat quicker at the thought of listening once more to that hoary Jest, about whose head were clustered so many sacred memories.

Meanwhile, the Old Gag was sitting in his corner of the dressing-room, his head bowed on his breast, his gruel untasted on the tray before him. The other Gags came and went, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away. He was dreaming of old days, of his early struggles for fame, and of his friends and companions of years ago. "Where are they now?" he asked himself sadly. "Some are wanderers on the face of the earth, in con le operas. Two of them found lonely graves in the Tourist company. Others are sleeping beneath the daisies in *Harper's* Editor's Drawer."

"Let be! let be! I must read those old lines once more—it may be for the last time."

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience, as a sad-faced minstrel uttered in tear-compelling accents, the most pathetic words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger, and yet you were eating fried eggs. How do you account for that?"

For one moment a death-like silence prevailed. Then the Old Gag stepped forward, and, in clear, ringing tones, replied:

"The ship lay to, and I got one."

A wild, heart-rending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as the Old Gag staggered back into the entrance and fell into the friendly arms that were waiting to receive him.

Sobbing Conundrums bore him to a couch in the dressing-room. Weeping Jokes strove in vain to bring back the spark of life to his inanimate form. But all to no avail.

The Old Gag was dead.—*Puck.*

Take Off Your Tag.

He—Mrs. Crumpton carried Jack Harding off bodily to the salvationist revival. She's so much interested in him!

She—Did the exhorters have any effect on him?

He—Yes; he rushed up to the mourners' bench and cried out: "What shall I do to be lost?"

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Mrs. Benedick—I know what that condition is. That I don't ask for too much.

Benedick—No; that you don't ask me to go with you.

They Will Come Next.

Wife—My dear, have you such a thing as a match and a piece of string?

Husband—Why, what's up?

Wife—My suspender has busted.

The Young-Old Man.

Whiskers (aged sixty, on the club stairs)—Aw, old man!

Callowby (aged twenty-two)—Haw, me boy!

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BY ALL CHEMISTS

Music.

ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM may be said to have come, seen, and conquered musical Toronto, as far as I have been able to gather from the expressions of opinion of those who were among his hearers on Saturday evening. I am no player of Beethoven sonatas or Liszt *tours de force*, consequently am merely an impressionist, so to speak, when it comes to sitting in judgment on a pianist of great reputation. It may be that in this present case my humility is, to a certain extent, the result of a disordered digestion which impairs the natural effrontery of my disposition, but the fact remains that some whom I must consider good authority on such subjects are grudging in their appreciation of Friedheim, while others are to an equal degree enthusiastic in his praise, so that if I listen to all that I hear I shall become like one of the old-time editorials of the *Evening Telegram*: "While it may be said, . . . yet, etc." There can be no doubt, however, that Friedheim has a colossal technique, a richness of tone that approaches gorgeousness in its variety, and a strongly marked individuality. His double octave playing in the Liszt Don Juan Fantasia was tremendous in its force and ease. In fact, it is in the apparent ease of the work that he excels. No swaying, no shaking of a flowing mane, no effect of bodily convulsions aiding his hands—none of the theatrical efforts to emphasize technical difficulties—none of those antics that so frequently mar to the eye what delights the ear, are to be observed in Friedheim's playing. He is most thoroughly and comfortably reposeful. His playing was greeted with salvos of applause in each instance. His powers of expression and sentiment are great and yet full of refinement and delicacy. He was assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan who sang Goring Thomas' A Summer Night with strong dramatic expression, and also gave a delightful rendering of Jensen's Murmuring Zephyr. Mr. D. J. O'Brien of Hamilton played her accompaniments most tastefully. Altogether it was a most charming concert.

This visit of Arthur Friedheim will enable our musical friends to contrast him with another great pianist who will play here on December 30, Valdimir von Pachmann. This artist, like Friedheim, has a great European reputation and will be the chief attraction of the seventh annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians, when he will be assisted by Mrs. Julia C. Wyman. Further extasies may be expected in January when Ignaz Paderewski, who has dazzled the musical world wherever he has played, will give a recital. So, it will be seen that we shall have no dearth of fine piano music by the great globe-trotters.

The Toronto Teachers' Association gave a fine concert on Thursday evening of last week at Association Hall, when the place was crowded. The vocalists were Mrs. Murray Dickson, Miss Lilian Kleiser, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. Fred Warrington, all of whom sang to the delight of the audience, recalls being the custom of the evening. Miss Agnes Knox contributed several readings which she delivered with grace and effect. The accompaniments were carefully played by Mr. T. A. Blakeley.

On the same evening a thoroughly enjoyable service of sacred song was held in the Jarvis street Baptist church by the efficient choir of the church, under the direction of the organist, Mr. A. S. Vogt, assisted by Miss Minnie Gaylord and Signor Dinelli. An unfortunate accident to the motive power of the organ a few minutes previous to the beginning of the service necessitated an almost entire change of programme, so far as the organ solos and the choir numbers were concerned, and afforded the excellent choir an opportunity of demonstrating its efficiency by presenting a number of unaccompanied motettes, part songs and sentences in lieu of several of the advertised choruses, and rendering them in a manner which was most creditable to its members and a substantial testimony of the thoroughness of their training. Especially effective were The Singers, by Gaul, Sullivan's Watchman, What of the Night? and Rheinberger's Evening Hymn, all of which were rendered in a really charming manner. Miss McGill contributed Cowen's The Better Land, with 'cello obligato by Signor Dinelli, her rich mezzo-soprano showing to excellent advantage in its rendition, which was marked by careful attention to phrasing and expression. Miss Gaylord sang Torrente's beautiful Show Me The Way, in an exceedingly finished and graceful manner, winning the hearty applause of the audience and further establishing her well earned popularity. Nicolai's Tarry With Me was sung with excellent effect by Miss Morrel and Mr. Lye. Signor Dinelli's 'cello solos were a feature of the service and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Owing to the disappointment felt by the audience at the omission of the organ numbers, another service was announced to be held at an early date, at which no charge would be made for admission.

On Monday evening a rather small audience attended a very pleasing concert given at Association Hall in aid of the Helping Hand Mission, the performers being Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Sara Lord Bailey and Mr. George Fox. The programme was an excellent one and merited a much better attendance. Mrs. Caldwell was in good voice and sang with all her usual facility of execution. Her numbers were Herold's Air D'Isabelle with violin obligato, Will Ye No Come Back Again, and the Carnival de Venise. These she sang with the greatest finish and attention to detail, and gave Kitty of Coleraine and Der Dasserfull as encore pieces. Miss Bailey has made herself a favorite here and won golden opinions on this occasion by her recitations of the Chariot Race from Ben Hur, The Experience of a Genius and A Life for a Life. She has a fine presence and great magnetic power, both of which contribute largely to her success. George Fox is out-growing the title of "Master" and will henceforth have to step out of the cadet ranks and become "Mister." He plays just as well, though, if not better than before. His practice is kept up and his taste and experience are ripening to such an extent that he keeps pace with the demands that increasing maturity make upon his artistic resources. He gave excellent renderings of Wieniawski's Legende and Sarasate's Gypsy Dance, both of which were encored. Mrs. Blight, in addition to playing the accompaniments in her usual satisfactory manner, gave a brilliant rendition of Vogrich's Staccato Caprice.

The same evening saw a large party of friends gathered at the residence of Mr. A. S. Vogt, on the occasion of a musicale given by his pupils. Miss Andrich, Miss Benson, Miss Boultbee, Miss Burke, Miss Gaylord, Miss Mara and Miss Topping, all of whom bore most emphatic testimony to their teacher's training. The piano pieces played by these young ladies were of a high artistic grade and tested their capabilities to no mean degree. Valuable assistance was rendered by Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Miss McGill and Mr. Gulseppe Dinelli.

On Tuesday evening a large audience attended the Service of Song given by the choir of Elm street Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight. The choir sang excellently, several difficult choruses being delivered with precision and finish. Of Mrs. Blight's proficiency as an organist it is not necessary to say much at this late day, save that it is always correct and effective. Mr. W. S. Jones, one of our rising young organists, gave excellent renditions of some selections by Herold. The vocalists were Mme. de Chadenedes, who sang Tours' setting of Jesu, Lover of my Soul, with taste and feeling; Miss G. Leadley, whose pretty contralto voice was advantageously heard in O Rest in the Lord; Mr. Douglas Birch, whose contribution was Gay Sweetly Solemn Thought; and Mr. H. M. Blight, who gave an excellent rendition of The Lost Chord. An agreeable variation was offered by Mrs. Drechsler Adamson's thoughtful playing of Vleuxtemps' Reverie.

The musical papers all over the world teem with recollections of Mozart, apropos of the centenary of his death on December 5, 1791, but none of them that have come under my observation have given the subject so much care, or elaborated so fine a memorial as has the *Musical Times* of London, England. It has sent to its subscribers, with its December number, a beautiful thirty-six page supplement, protusely illustrated on fine toned paper, giving interesting details of Mozart's life, works and death, the whole forming a handsome tribute to a master whose music is to-day as fresh and charming, despite the changes in taste and style which have followed him, as they were in his lifetime. The bright light that has lately been thrown upon Mozart has brought down another of the idols of our callous youth. The Twelfth Mass, whose jingling Gloria has captivated many a young enthusiast, has been proven by internal evidence, as well as by its general dissimilarity to the recognized style of the great man's or, to have been an impudent forgery perpetrated by an obscure musician, who sold it to a publisher some forty years after Mozart's death.

The clergy and choirmasters of the Church of England in Toronto met at the Synod office last Saturday to organize the Church Choir Association, the Bishop of Toronto being in the chair. A constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: Hon. President, the Bishop of Toronto; President, Canon DuMoulin; Vice-presidents, Rev. John Pearson Mr. Samuel Nordheimer; Secretary, Mr. G. H Loud; Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Kemp; Executive Committee, Rev. Septimus Jones, rural dean, Rev. Canon Cayley, Rev. J. C. Roper, Rev. Canon Sweeney, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, St. James'; Mr. E. W. Schuch, Redeemer; Mr. E. W. Phillips, St. George's; Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, St. Simon's; and Mr. W. E. Fairclough, All Saints'.

I have received some new music from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer: A Dream of Bethlehem, by Paul Rodney, very melodious and not difficult; The Coming of the King, by Joseph Raeckel, a descriptive sacred song in a popular vein; Kings of the Road, by Frederick Bevan, a stirring gypsy song with a very bright refrain; Gloria waltz, by Edward St. Quentin, bold and bright, and of moderate difficulty; Fairy Tales waltz, by Otto Roeder, very flowing and melodious, with a vocal setting for contralto and children.

At Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, the other day, I saw a very clever arrangement, in fact a pedal piano, which can be used with any ordinary pianoforte. It is quite independent, being a frame strung for the ordinary range of organ pedal, with the pedalier attached in such a manner that it may be folded up against the case which is behind the player. It is strong, and should be so durable that the organ student who has attained the desirable proficiency can conscientiously sell it to another, who may, I ke himself, not have had access to a large organ for practice. Its absolute separability from the ordinary piano is a great advantage, as there is none of the destructive wear of the piano which is liable to accompany any permanent attachment to the piano itself.

The ardent young musicians of the Toronto Lacrosse Club had their first rehearsal under Mr. E. W. Schuch's direction on Monday evening, when over forty future minstrels attended, with very satisfactory results. The performances will take place on February 4, 5 and 6, when a novel second part, introducing ladies, will be presented.

On Monday evening Mr. Frederic Boscovitz's successful lecture concert, How to Play Chopin, will take place in the Public Hall of the Education Department, when he will be assisted by Miss Lush and Mr. F. D. Beddoe. Mr. Boscovitz's known skill as a Chopin player will make this a most interesting evening.

Alfred Grunfeld, "court" pianist to the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and his brother Heinrich, "court" violincellist to the Emperor of Germany, together with vocal artists announced to appear at the Pavilion on January 7, the brothers Grunfeld have met with great success upon this, their first tour of America, and a concensus of New York and Boston press opinions indicates that they are artists of distinguished merits, whom it is a genuine treat to hear. The hall plan for this concert will open on Monday at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

I know of a very favorable opening for a good organist and choirmaster in an eastern city, and should be glad to hear from qualified candidates.

I had a visit from Mr. William Lavin, a rising young tenor who sang the solos in the Creation for the Hamilton Philharmonic Society last week with great success. Mr. Lavin is the husband of the beautiful Mary Howe, who, by the way, has been engaged to sing at the University conversazione on February 15.

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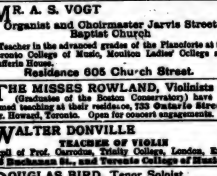

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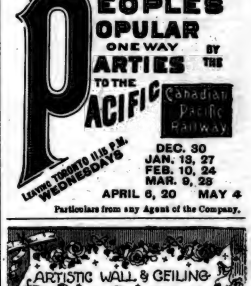

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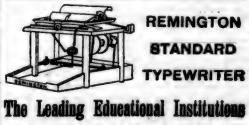

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CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Armitage stood in the porch of Greystone Park gazing at the retreating forms of her husband and his friends, as, equipped in their shooting costumes, and followed at a distance by two keepers, they started on their day's sport. The party consisted of Mr. Armitage, his great ally, Lord Hardstock—a man who for many years had lived on his title and his wits, but who lately had come into a large fortune—and Basil St. Quentin, an attache at the English Embassy in Paris. As they walked leisurely down the avenue, the two guests occasionally looked back and received a smile or a wave of the hand from their hostess. But Cyril Armitage never once turned his head, nor indeed seemed conscious that there was such a person in existence as his wife.

When once the sportsmen were out of sight, Mrs. Armitage turned with a sigh and entered the house. Her life was a very unhappy one now, although when she had married, nine years ago, everything promised a bright and happy future for her. Cyril Armitage was rich, of good family, and appeared to be desperately in love with her. The marriage was, apparently, not only one of affection, but it was also considered by all the friends of the contracting parties to be eminently satisfactory from every possible point of view. Two children had been born of the marriage, a boy and a girl, and for the first few years everything went well. But then Mr. Armitage unfortunately began to drink more than was good for him, and, truth to tell, there were few nights that he went to bed sober. Acting under the influence of this detestable habit, he became unreasonably jealous of his wife, and there would often be violent scenes between them, for, needless to say, Constance Armitage indignantly resented her husband's most unjust suspicions. Later on—as is often the case with dipsomaniacs—the unhappy man took a dislike to society, and so it was that he gave up his house in London and retired permanently to his place in Norfolk. Mrs. Armitage was not sorry for this. Indeed, under the circumstances, she preferred a country life. The poor lady was devoted to her children, and the loss of London society in no way affected her. Occasionally, as at the present time, her husband would ask two or three men for a few days' shooting, but she saw little of the friends thus invited. In the first place, they were out nearly all day, and soon after dinner they would retire to the billiard-room, and would be seen no more until the next morning.

Lord Hardstock was a bosom friend of her husband, although in every respect a contrast to him. Armitage, since he had taken to drink, was taciturn, and, as a rule, very ill-tempered. Now Lord Hardstock, on the other hand, was a brilliant conversationalist, a man who took all trouble lightly and carelessly, and whose idea of the world seemed to be that it had been created purely for his amusement and that, at any rate, it was his duty to derive every possible enjoyment from it.

Basil St. Quentin was also an old friend of Armitage's. He had known and admired Mrs. Armitage before her marriage and now pitied her for the terrible life she was compelled to lead. Cyril Armitage was at no pains to conceal the fact that the love he once had for his wife was dead, and his rudeness to her in the presence of his guests often made the blood mount hotly to St. Quentin's cheeks, and he longed to give the husband the chastisement he deserved.

There were times, indeed, when Constance felt that things must come to an end, when the brutality and coarse insolence of her husband proved almost beyond her endurance. But what could she do? Although it was impossible for her to entertain any feelings of affection, or even respect for her husband, she ancied, somehow, that if she left him the wrong would be on her side and that she might not only forfeit the world's good opinion but would run the risk of being separated from her children. And her children, being everything to her, came before all else.

And now to make matters worse—and, Heaven knows, they were bad enough already—Lord Hardstock had lately begun to pay her an amount of attention that was not only odious to her on account of her dislike to the man himself, but because her husband had such implicit faith in them that he appeared to be—and indeed was—perfectly unconscious of his friend's treachery. It amused Lord Hardstock to see the anger produced by his civil speeches. Good-looking, and accustomed as he was to very easy conquests, it was a novel sensation for him to meet with the chilling indifference of Mrs. Armitage.

Later on, to-day, when Constance was tired of brooding over her troubles, she went for a brisk walk across the park, and, as ill luck would have it, was much against her own inclination forced into a *tete-a-tete* interview with Lord Hardstock—the man whom she so much disliked. She came upon him suddenly and gave a start of surprise, being quite unprepared for meeting anyone in the secluded path she had chosen.

"You frightened me," she said, recovering herself. "I did not expect to meet anyone here. Where are the others?"

"I am lost," he said with a laugh, "or, rather, I lost myself. I got tired of killing inoffensive pheasants which had never done me any harm, so, like a naughty child, I lagged behind; but I don't regret it, for, since I have lost myself, at any rate I have found you."

"I was just going to turn homewards," she said coldly.

"Then we can walk together," he replied.

"Had you not better wait for the others?" she asked. "Where have you been shooting?"

"Here, there, and everywhere," was the answer. "No, I would rather walk back with you, if you will allow me. Have you been very dull all day?"

"No," she said, "I am never dull."

"And yet you see so society, and your life must be very monotonous."

"I have plenty of occupations—my children, the people in the village."

"Oh, yes. The mothers' meetings and the penny readings! It must all be very delightful, I have no doubt. But, surely, a woman like you was never created for such an existence."

"You must be wrong there," she answered, "since it is my fate to follow it."

"You bear it very bravely," said Lord Hardstock, adopting a more sentimental tone, "but I am sure you are not happy."

"Let us talk of something else," she said abruptly. "I am not an interesting subject to discuss."

"You are very interesting to me," said he. "I would rather talk about you than anything or anybody on earth, or in Heaven for the matter of that."

Mrs. Armitage burst out laughing, a laugh that was perfectly natural and unfeigned, and it was more galling to Lord Hardstock than any reproof that could have come from her lips.

"I had no idea I was so absorbing," she said. "And, really, you looked so genuine when you said it."

"I was genuine," he answered. "I always am when I talk to you. I want you to tell me one thing."

"What is that?" said Mrs. Armitage.

"I want you to tell me why you are not happy."

"When I require a confidant perhaps I will," said she, "but at present as you seem so bent on discussing me, I should advise you to do so with my husband."

Lord Hardstock pursed up his lips, and for the moment made no reply. Presently he said: "How long is St. Quentin going to stay here?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Armitage. "As you are doubtless aware, my husband fixes the stay of the friends he asks."

"But St. Quentin is a friend of yours, is he not?"

"Yes. I have known him a long time," she said, coloring in spite of herself. "But I didn't ask him here."

"Did you suggest to Armitage that he should do so?" asked Lord Hardstock.

"That is rather a curious question for you to put to me," she answered, "but I will reply to it all the same. Mr. Armitage asked Mr. St. Quentin here himself."

"I wonder what his reason was?" said his lordship.

"His reason was, because he occasionally likes to hear what is going on in Paris. Although we live out of the world, we have not ceased taking an interest in it."

"You might be one of the brightest ornaments of the world," he exclaimed, after a pause.

"You are in a complimentary humor," she replied, smiling. "I am so unused to compliments that I never know what to say when one is paid me."

"Does St. Quentin never pay you compliments?" he asked.

"No, he is too well bred," she answered, and the minute afterwards she was angry with herself for losing her temper.

"I know that he is a pattern of all the virtues," said Lord Hardstock, "but for my part I hate a paragon. I always suspect the cloven foot."

To this remark Mrs. Armitage did not vouchsafe any answer. She was angry with Lord Hardstock for his insinuations respecting St. Quentin, and still more vexed that she should have shown she minded them. All that she longed for was that the *tete-a-tete* should come to an end. Hardstock walked by her side with his eyes cast upon the ground, and evidently in a shining but good humor. Presently he looked up and said:

"I have often longed for a walk with you alone, and yet I have not enjoyed this one."

"Anticipation is always better than realization," said Mrs. Armitage dryly.

"I don't see why you should always be so down on me," he continued. "It is very hard to be always snubbed."

"Then you should not make remarks that require snubbing," she answered.

"You never snub St. Quentin."

"I treat people as they treat me; Mr. St. Quentin has never said an impertinent word to me in his life."

"Because he does not care for you as I do. You know that I——"

"That is enough, Lord Hardstock," said Mrs. Armitage, coloring. "I will not listen to such nonsense. You are my husband's friend, and therefore, I do not wish to quarrel with you, but once for all, there must be an end of the tone you have adopted lately. If you cannot speak to me with proper respect, I shall be reluctantly obliged to ask my husband to shorten your stay."

"I beg your pardon if I have offended you," he said.

"Your words and your manner would offend any woman who had the least atom of self-respect," she answered.

They were now approaching the house, and Mrs. Armitage felt untold relief as she saw in the distance her children coming forward to meet her.

"Here come the children," she said, with a joy she could not repress.

"Are we to be cheated?" asked Lord Hardstock, somewhat sulkily.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered.

"You will know one day," he said.

But Constance scarcely heard him, as the children ran up to her and poured into their mother's ear a voluble account of their day's proceedings.

CHAPTER II.

The dinner that evening was particularly gloomy and depressing. In the first place, Mr. Armitage was in a vile humor and found fault with everything. Then, too, he had already had a great deal too much to drink, as was evidenced by his purple face and bloodshot eyes. His wife bore his complaints with that patience which long custom had taught her to acquire. Only occasionally, when he emphasized his remarks by an oath, did her face assume a look as if that patience had come to an end.

Lord Hardstock for once was silent, making no attempt to improve matters, while St. Quentin made desperate efforts to talk to Mrs. Armitage, and to appear to ignore the temper of her husband. When, at length, the dinner came to an end, Constance withdrew to the drawing-room, thankful to be alone, and with her cheeks still burning at the language Mr. Armitage had used in her presence. She took up a book and tried to read, but her thoughts wandered away to the time when she had first known her husband. What a change had taken place. Was it possible that the man who had once loved her so ardently could now insult her in the presence of his friends? She threw down the book, and rising from her chair paced up and down the room; and, as her thoughts again recurred to the open contempt her husband displayed for her, the tears came into her eyes, and she scarcely made any effort to restrain them. She could bear it no longer. No woman would put up with such treatment. She must have an explanation with him, and some arrangement must be made by which they could live apart. Then, as always, arose the question of the children. What would become of them? They might be sent to school—at least the boy, Harold, who was then eight, and the girl, Alice could remain with her. Surely her husband could not object to a separation? He had not retained the faintest semblance of affection for her, and, if he wished it, the children could spend a portion of their holidays with him.

These thoughts occurred rapidly to her, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, she rang the bell and sent word to Mr Armitage by the servant who answered her summons that she wished to speak to him. Yes, she won'd no longer endure this life, and she would let her husband know at once what she had decided. She waited a few minutes. Then, instead of her husband, Basil St. Quentin entered the room.

"Your husband is playing a match with Lord Hardstock," he said. "Do you particularly wish to see him? He has sent me in his place."

"It is of no consequence," she answered with a feeling of disappointment at the interview being delayed. "I will wait until they have finished the game."

"You were crying," he said. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing unusual has happened," she answered. "You heard what took place at dinner—it is only a sample of my every-day life. But I have borne it long enough; I will bear it no longer. I had sent for Mr. Armitage to tell him as much."

"I am very sorry indeed for you," he said. "Armitage is violent and unreasonable. But what do you propose doing?"

"I mean to leave him," she answered. "If it were not for my children, I would leave the house to-night."

"You must not do anything rash," he said. "One false step and you would be irretrievably ruined." And then he added, "I cannot tell you how grieved I am for you."

"Yes, I have paid dearly for making what the world calls a brilliant match, have I not?" she said bitterly. "But it is at an end now. I want none of his money. I will only accept what is sufficient to educate my children."

"I am afraid Lord Hardstock is not a friend of yours," said Mr. St. Quentin; "and if I were you I should wait until he is gone before I did anything. From what I have noticed he seems to encourage your husband in his conduct towards you."

"I know he is not my friend," she said, "and I am very glad he is not. He is a man who is a stranger to all honorable feelings."

"He has made one or two very disagreeable remarks to me," said St. Quentin, "but I have not noticed them, as it appears there is enough strife in the house already, and I really believe that his malicious insinuations to your husband were the cause of the outbreak at dinner."

"What do you mean?" asked Constance.

"I mean that he is base enough to suggest to Armitage that the affection which he knows I bore for you before your marriage has not entirely disappeared."

And then Constance remembered Lord Hardstock's innuendos of the afternoon, and his parting remark that she would know one day what it meant for him to be her enemy. She did not, however, mention this. If Lord Hardstock maligned her, and her husband listened to him, there was all the more reason for an instant separation.

"I see what you mean," said she, "and it only strengthens me in my resolution." And then she added: "I should be very sorry if you were in any way mixed up in our unfortunate quarrels. You had better leave at once."

"I had intended doing so to-morrow," he answered, "and had availed myself of the old plan of having a telegram sent me. It will arrive to-morrow morning."

"Then I had better delay the announcement of my departure until you have gone. Perhaps it is well ordered that you should have come and told me this before I acted too precipitately."

"I can understand that your life is intolerable," he said, "and I really see nothing for you but a separation."

"No, it is inevitable," she answered. "I have often thought about it before, and then for one reason or another have relinquished the idea; but this time I have quite made up my mind, and nothing shall shake my resolution."

"You may always count upon me as your friend," he said. "If ever you are in trouble write to me at the Embassy, and I will do all in my power to help you."

"Thank you," she answered, holding out her hand to him in friendship.

He took it and raised it to his lips, and at that moment Armitage and Lord Hardstock entered the room.

"You make a very pretty picture!" cried the infuriated husband. "Have you nearly done with my wife, St. Quentin?"

Both remained silent. The action had been innocent, but the interruption was so sudden that neither of them had a word to say. It was Lord Hardstock who first broke silence.

"St. Quentin is only wishing your wife good-night," said he, with a curious expression in his face that culminated in a smile almost Satanic in its way.

"He chooses a —— funny way of doing so," said Armitage, and then, turning to his wife, he continued: "You had better go to your room, madam. If you cannot behave yourself with decency in my absence you shall at any rate not disgrace me before my guests."

Now this was too much for Constance. The feeling of indignation against her husband, which she had been partially restrained owing to St. Quentin's words, burst forth again with tenfold violence, and, quite unable to control herself, she said:

"I will pass by your insulting suspicions, because they are too ridiculous to be answered; but, as you order me to go to my room, I may as well tell you that I shall not obey and leave you altogether. You dare to talk of my disgracing you. I have never done so, as you well know, during the past six years I have borne your insults and calumnies, until I can bear them no longer. Your guests have been witness of what I have endured, and I had just told Mr. St. Quentin of my determination to leave you, when you entered the room."

"And pray, does Mr. St. Quentin accompany you?" asked her husband.

"You have no right to make such an insinuation," said St. Quentin hotly. "I am leaving here to-morrow morning, but it is because I do not choose to stay in the house of a man who is lost to all self-respect and gentleman-like feeling."

"By —— you shall both leave the house to-night," roared Armitage, mad with passion. "I must have been blind all this time not to have seen what has been going on between you

(Continued on Page 16.)

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Three.)

orchestra furnished charming music, and the house was fragrant with elegant exotics. Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes and Miss Treble received the guests, among whom I noticed Mrs. Chancellor Boyd, Mrs. Lamport, Mrs. H. H. Clarke, Mrs. H. Gooderham, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Dr. Burns, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mrs. W. T. Aikins, Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mrs. John Downie, Mrs. George Cox, Mrs. George Kerr, Mrs. J. E. Graham, Mrs. W. J. Mitchell, Mrs. H. A. Massey, Mrs. Barrick, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. Worts, Mrs. Smart and many others.

A smoking concert will be held at the National Club on Monday evening next. The guests are invited by the members of the club. Mr. George Mutton, the indefatigable secretary-treasurer, has arrangements completed for a most enjoyable evening.

Miss Nellie Lennox, who is studying medicine and surgery in Cleveland, will spend the Xmas holidays at her home at 40 Beaconsfield avenue.

Rev. J. P. Lewis leaves on Thursday next for an extended tour in Europe.

Toronto charities and social circles have lost a well known friend in Mrs. David Blain, who died on Thursday morning last. Her good deeds were done so unostentatiously that many passed unrecorded save in the grateful hearts of the recipients.

Mrs. Charles Thompson and her daughter, Miss Julia, of College street, have been visiting at Schenectady, N.Y., for several weeks. They were guests at the wedding of Miss Sallie Dickson, niece of Mrs. Thompson, and will return to Toronto on Monday next.

Mrs. Bendelari and family will spend the Xmas holidays with her brother, Mr. Worthington, in Cleveland.

The Toronto Bicycle Club intend giving an evening at their club house, on Jarvis street, next Wednesday, when a very interesting programme will be presented to their guests.

Edelweiss.

BEFORE a roaring Christmas tide fire in the great hall sit two young girls. One is pretty and *petite*, the other is tall and fair with just a little touch of stateliness in her manner. No one could fail to love each of the girls, but differently—much differently. Pretty Winnifred makes one think of pleasant, home like, earthly things; fair Gertrude draws one straight to Heaven.

Both girls are working busily at evergreens. Winnifred breaks the silence by sighing, "How I wish we had some real English holly—but Oh! Oh! for a bunch of mistletoe."

"Never mind, dear, our own Canadian rowans do very well for the holly—and as for the mistletoe, see, I have managed to save a bunch of snowdrops, excellent substitutes my dear, I assure you, and we will allow them all the privileges of your longed for mistletoe."

"Why True, what a treasure you are to be sure—I for one would never have dreamed of—Oh, here comes Tom! Just in time, my brother! Won't you help us put up the last of our evergreens? Have you had supper? Is it snowing fast? Will there be sleighing to-morrow?"

Tom Westburn laughed at this shower of questions rained on him in such quick succession by his pretty sister. Depositing his riding whip in a corner, he proceeds to leisurely take off his snowy greatcoat, then meekly says: "Yes, ma'am, I'll help you with pleasure. I have had supper, thank you. It is snowing, and I think we will have sleighing."

"Dear me, Tom," breaks in Winnie, "don't take time to answer all my questions, but do please come and help me festoon this over the mantel, and then after we are through you must tell us a story."

Very good to look at is this Tom Westburn of ours. Tall he is and broad and dark. His face is lit by honest, kindly eyes, and a most charming smile flits frequently across it. Not a lady's man at all, in one sense; perhaps in another he is, for all women trust Tom Westburn from the moment they see his eyes, his smile—and hear him speak. By all men, too, is Tom respected and beloved.

The evergreens are hung—even the mistletoe (!) is placed to suit fair Winnie's fancy.

"Tom, draw up that settle, here—and put that chair just exactly there—and now fetch that footstool and put it beside the chair—so! True, dear, sit in that chair; Tom, you take the settle; I'm going to make myself comfortable on the stool; and now, Tom, begin and tell us just the nicest, most appalling goblin story you know."

Tom "settled" Tom begins:

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, in those very trees outside the door, dwelt the Goblins of the Pines. These little midgets loved a stormy night, for then they held high carnival, and many a trick would they play on both good and bad alike. On quiet nights the mothers rocked their little ones to sleep with cradles of pine needles and lullabies of soft, weird pine music." And on and on went Tom, weaving—weaving—fancy after fancy, till even True held her breath, and Winnie's eyes grew larger than their wont.

We will leave them there, friends, and look a little farther into the lives of these three young people.

To begin with Gertrude Arbuthnot. She is the only child of wealthy parents, living at some distance from the home of the Westburns. As a large party is to be given on Christmas eve at Manor House, Gertrude has come over the day before to help Winnie with her preparations.

Tom and Winnifred Westburn are orphans. Their parents having died while the children were quite young, an aunt brought them up, but now she too is dead, and Tom and Winnie are left alone.

Tom has been away from his home a great deal, first at school and college, afterwards going to an uncle in Switzerland. This uncle died and then Tom got word that the aunt at home was dead, so he left the land of mountains and lakes, of glaciers and verdure, and sailed away across the sea to his Canadian home among the pines.

It was nearly a year after Tom reached home before he met Gertrude Arbuthnot—she had been visiting friends at a distance—and when he did he straightway likened her to that flower of Switzerland's glaciers, the Edelweiss. When Winnie heard of it she said, "Why, Tom, how queer! At school we often called her our 'Edelweiss!'"

As time rolled on Gertrude and Tom saw much of each other. Gertrude held such sweet, simple fancies of life and people that Tom could not help being drawn to her. But he did not love her—ah! no. He tried to make himself think he did, but it was no use. Why he should so try was a puzzle to himself.

With Gertrude it was otherwise. She could not help loving Tom from the moment she first saw him; he seemed to hold a power over her life.

But listen, Tom is finishing his story; he is saying, "And in that Christmas-tide of long ago the fairies left these pines—they left, but promised to come back at the same time every year and sing their songs of mirth and peace to all who cared to hear them. Come, girls, it is nearly twelve o'clock, just time to hear the fairies, and then to rest for to-morrow's ball."

Tom picked up a couple of shawls and led the girls out into the night. The snow had stopped falling and the stars shed down clear and frosty radiance from above.

"Now, listen!" The snow-clad branches swayed, and swaying it seemed as though the fairies were wafting through them the message of old, "Peace on earth, good will to men." With that message ringing in their ears the three young people come in and close the door. Rest falls on all.

The morning dawns clear and cold. There is capital sleighing, and prospects are bright for the ball at Manor House to-night. All day Winnie and True hurry round, giving the last few touches to everything. When evening closes in they both retire to dress, and presently they trip downstairs together, both in white frocks, square cut and sharp-waisted. A white rose nestles in Winnie's dark locks, and in Gertrude's fairer hair, here and there, a spray of smilax glimmers.

Tom meets them at the foot of the stairs and with solemn mien conducts them to the center of the drawing-room where hangs the mistletoe. There his gravity forsakes him, and saucily he claims the privilege of the sacred berry of the Druids.

The ball is over. A success it has been decidedly, but not an eventful ball at all. No one has met his fate. Winnie has met hers long ago in the shape of a Mr. Fred Grant. Tom has not met his; and Gertrude—about her methinks we must needs be silent.

Winter and spring have passed away, and summer is at hand. One day as Gertrude and Winnie have been laying their plans for the hot weather, Winnie says, "Look here, True, do you remember Alice Dunbar?"

"Why of course I do—what a dear little thing she was, to be sure."

"Just what I think. Now listen. Tom has got to fall in love with her—got to—do you hear? And you must help me manage it!" Gertrude caught her breath sharply, but Winnie rattled on.

"You see, True, you can manage it this way. When you ask all those other people for the summer, you can ask Alice along with them; then you must ask Alice to sing some night when Tom is there—he can't resist her voice, I know—then he'll marry her, and I will have him off my mind," and Winnie heaved a sigh of relief, as though Tom's marriage were already accomplished. Gertrude complied with all Winnie's requests, for what else could she do? Her heart was sore, but how sore no one will ever know. She kept her sorrow to herself.

The drawing-room of Gertrude's home is filled with guests. At the piano is seated a dainty figure clad in white. The girl's face is beautiful, but no one thinks of that—she is singing, and as she sings all other voices are still—entranced, the people listen.

Tom Westburn is standing close beside Gertrude, near a curtained alcove. As Alice's sweet voice soars and fills the room, Gertrude glances at Tom. Tom loves music passionately and True sees it all—he loves Alice Dunbar.

Winnie's wish will be fulfilled.

Twelve years have passed since that night we first saw Alice Dunbar in Gertrude's drawing-room at The Dell. Winnie is married long ago. Gertrude is still Gertrude Arbuthnot—still Winnie's Edelweiss.

At the door of The Dell a child is ringing the bell, and presently we hear him ask for "Miss Arbuthnot, please." "Miss Arbuthnot" appears, and the child proffers a bunch of roses. "With mother's love, Miss Arbuthnot."

"Thank you, dear, so much; will you not stay and take lunch with me? I am alone today."

"No, thank you, Miss Arbuthnot. Mother said to hurry, so I think I had better go now. Good-bye, Miss Arbuthnot."

"Good-bye, dear child; come again to see me." And the door closes on little Tom Westburn.

That evening Tom says to his mother: "Mother, what is that pretty name you and Aunt Winnie sometimes call my Miss Arbuthnot? I can't pronounce it, mother; but what does it mean?"

The mother answers: "Darling—Pure as Snow." LENA V. MILLOY.

Long-headed.

"You seem jolly."
"I feel jolly."
"Your horse must 'a' come in first."
"No; last. That's just what makes me feel so jolly. I backed another man's horse this trip."

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MONTREAL.

The musical season may be said to have opened on Friday evening of last week with the first of the Mendelsohn biennial concerts, and it was most fittingly ushered in, too. These concerts are always looked upon as among the best of the season's musical treats, and that of Friday evening was no disappointment in this respect. The concert was held in the Windsor hall, and the audience, which filled every seat in the spacious auditorium, was made up of the *elite* and critical portion of the Montreal public. The choir was in excellent form, and the several choral numbers, which were of such a nature as to require marked musical talent for their execution, were rendered with rare merit and taste. Particular features of the choral work were the quality of the voices, their harmonious blending, the painstaking care for details, all of which were directed in a way to appeal to the most refined and critical feeling. The numbers selected for choral work were A. J. Caldicott's Out on the Waters, Koschat's Forsaken, Mendelssohn's Judge me, O God, Rheinberger's Mystic Lake, Sir Arthur Sullivan's Evening (part song), Gade's Summer Night (part song), Alfred Drygert's Spring's Return (part song), and the metrical version from the Hungarian of Anton Dvorak's Praise Jehovah. It will thus be seen that the programme was varied enough to give ample scope to the artists. But much as was the work of the choir appreciated, that of Madame Lillian Nordica, the soprano soloist of the occasion, and who is just now sharing honors with Patti and Albani, surpassed it. This was the occasion of Madame Nordica's first appearance in Canada, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to see and catch a note from the lips of one of London's latest sensations in the world of song.

Much was expected of her, of course, and it is quite safe to say that she fully met the expectations of those who had the good fortune to hear her on Friday evening.

Madame Nordica possesses a voice of great sweetness and power, cultivated to a rare degree of excellence by art. Her enunciation is as near perfection as one could expect in a vocalist. Her personality is striking and her manner dramatic enough to give to her singing a finished effect.

She was advertised to appear three times according to the programme, but the audience were so emphatic in their insistence on her return after each number that they wouldn't accept a courtsy, pretty as she might make it, and she had to respond at least twice to repeated encores.

It is something for any artist to be proud of when by virtue of her talent she compels comparison with Albani, and you may be sure that in this city where that great prima donna is almost worshipped, people are very slow to acknowledge that she has a peer, but I heard more than one of Albani's devoted idolators say that Nordica was at least almost Albani's equal. Her selections were Aria, La Reine Sabe; Gounod's Aria, Rejoice Greatly; Handel's Messiah solo, Polacca, Esmeralda, A. Goring Thomas. For her encores she sang Gottschalk's O Loving Heart, and the Polonaise from Mignon.

Mr. Gould is to be congratulated on the success of the concert, both for the admirable work done by the choir which again bears witness to his ability as a director, and to his fine musical touch, and for introducing to us such a gifted artist as Madame Lillian Nordica.

I am but repeating the remark which I have heard many a theater-goer drop, when I say that the Academy of Music has been graced the past week with one of the finest companies that has ever trodden its histrionic boards.

This company is the Pitou Stock Company, and is composed of some of the best artists known to the American drama.

I am pleased to note that the company has been liberally patronized, which gives the lie direct to those croakers who are forever and eternally telling us that dramatic merit is not appreciated in Montreal. The manager says that he is greatly pleased with the reception the company has met with here, and as a test of his sincerity it may be said they have prolonged their stay by another week.

In this connection I pause to note that the first night saw a rather thin house.

The following morning one of the dramatic critics scored the advance agents of suide shows, saying that their nauseating flattery of companies which had proven worthless had succeeded in working suspicion in the public mind, and had made theater goers "skeery" about attending a first night's performance for fear of being taken in.

I surmise, if I may be permitted to say it, that, considering the sanctum from which such an opinion emanated, that the fault doesn't altogether lie with the advance agent. If the critic himself were more of a critic and less of a flatterer, the public would have more confidence in the utterances of his paper's dramatic column. But then he is not altogether at fault. I know the disabilities under which he labors. The dramatic is controlled by the advertising column.

Opera (comic) ruled the favorite at the Queen's last week, with Pauline Hall as the bright particular star of the company.

In the early part of the week Madame Favart was the bill and it would have been well for both the reputation of the company and management of the house if it had remained the bill for the entire week.

Instead, however, a rank burlesque of La Belle Helene, another of Offenbach's creation, was substituted on Friday. With Madame Favart, Pauline and her company made a good impression, as the music was good, the dialogue bright and witty, and the comedy much above the average of comic operas, and the parts were well taken and ably supported.

But on Friday night! Oh, what a fall! It was a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. All that the company had been commended for in the matter of avoiding the objectionable features of buffoonery and horse play, they seem to have rushed madly into in La Belle Helene. As a consequence of their folly they have left behind them an impression that is bound to tell in any future engagements they make here.

The Misses Warner, daughters of Professor and Mrs. Neil Warner, have joined the Pauline Hall Opera Company. They are bright and charming girls, and have had the advantage of exceptional stage instruction under the tuition of both their father and mother. They appeared for the first time with the company on Friday, December 18, in the skirt dance, and scored a triumph. Apart from local enthusiasm, which would naturally prevail on the occasion of their *debut* here, they have decided merit and talent, which are bound to attract attention abroad. ANDANTE.

Mr. Tupper—It is the early bird that catches the worm.

Johnny Tupper—That's so; but it is the little birds that stay at home sleeping in the nest that get the worm to eat.

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'Varsity Chat.

THE senators in their wisdom have admitted the College of Pharmacy to affiliation with us. On the same evening again they shook up in a box the subjects of study on the arts curriculum, and after drawing out a few slips loudly proclaimed that a glorious change had been wrought in the curriculum and that it was, like the world in general, approaching perfection. The degrees of B. A., M. A., LL. B., etc., etc., can still be obtained on single course, however, provided a proper choice is made. Some call it the political science course, others the law course. By taking it under the first name it leads to the acquisition of many capital letters; by the second name it leads only to LL. B.

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My friend "X" has written to the *Varsity* as follows: "That the warning, Let us see that our University does not lose its National Character, in the article on University Extension, is most opportune will be easily seen from the following occurrence: One evening last week, while enjoying the pleasure of society, I had what might be called an 'eye-opening conversation' with a young lady. The mere outline of it will suffice. Did she attend the 'Varsity? Yes, she attended the University. The other usual questions were responded to thus, viz.: that she graded the first year and was taking a general course. I concluded that she was a pass man, and remarked that a goodly number of lectures would be her portion. Oh, no! she had only one lecture a week, and that on Saturday at three o'clock. I imagine that she cannot appreciate, as *Studiosus Infelix* did, the following lines:

O'er the student is set
The sharp-eyed Mikin;
But who we do plush him—
What care we for him?

That one could think that 'a few intermittent classes' were equal to 'a genuine University training,' tempted me almost to enquire who in Miss Undergraduate would go up for her B. A. degree, but I refrained for fear she would think the question a little too previous. However, I believe I drew a distinction between the popular and the true significance of a University training."

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To assist the general committee of the Literary Society in making arrangements for the "conversate," the following have been appointed: Graduates, Mr. W. F. W. Creelman, Mr. W. W. Vickers, Mr. T. A. Rowan, Mr. W. H. Irving, Mr. J. E. Jones, Mr. A. S. W. McLay, Mr. A. T. Thompson, Mr. A. Stewart, Mr. John McNichol, and Mr. Theo. Coleman; undergradutes, fourth year, Mr. James A. McLean, Mr. J. H. Lamerit, Mr. J. A. Cooper, Mr. J. Tennant, Mr. Duncan C. Ross, Mr. G. E. McCraney and Mr. R. H. Knox; third year, Mr. F. B. R. Hellems, Mr. R. S. Strath, Mr. E. B. Horne, Mr. V. McDougall, Mr. L. A. Moore and Mr. P. White; second year, Mr. E. Gillis, Mr. W. M. Boultbee, Mr. W. A. Gilmour, Mr. C. A. Moss and Mr. J. T. Blyth; first year, Mr. R. Robertson, Mr. J. McCarthy and Mr. T. E. Wilson. The class and other societies will also appoint representatives to assist in the work.

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At the public meeting of the Knox College Missionary Society addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. William Gould, B. A., on The Choice of Our Life Work, Mr. Eshoo Persian, on Life in Persia, and Rev. A. B. Winchester, B. A., on Our Chinese Relations. The hall was crowded, a large proportion of those present being ladies. Mr. Eshoo's address was listened to with much interest. He will complete his course in the college and return to his native land, where he will labor in the gospel field.

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The Wycliffe College At Home last week was a complete success. Among the guests present were Sir Casimir Gzowski, Sir Daniel Wilson, Mr. S. H. Blake, Q. C., Rev. Septimus Jones, Rev. Mr. DesBarres, Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Baldwin, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. Bernard Bryan, Rev. Canon O'Meara, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Jones, Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. Milman, Major and Mrs. Leigh.

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At the Referendum last week capital papers were read by Mr. Miller Lash and Mr. Sidney Woods. The former compared the judicial system of Canada with that of the United States, and the latter dealt with the Act of Union, 1840. The papers were highly commended by the presiding lecturer and members of the class.

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A dramatic club to be known as "Cap and Bells" has been organized at University College with the following officers:—Prof. Baker, honorary president; Mr. S. J. Robertson, president; Mr. W. L. Coulthard, vice-president; Mr. P. Waite, secretary; Mr. C. S. Wood, treasurer; Messrs. A. Dobell, A. E. McLaughlin, L. A. Moore, J. Bain, and H. B. Sims, committee.

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The class of '95 held a social evening Saturday last in the Y. M. C. A. Mr. J. A. McArthur, president, occupied the chair. Songs were rendered by Mr. Shaw and by a quartette consisting of Messrs. Shaw, Robertson, McKay and Brown. Miss Dowd gave a reading and Miss Allen a recitation. Refreshments were served during the evening. There were about 150 present, including a large number of the lady members of the class.

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Prof. McCurdy's lecture on Saturday afternoon last on Cyrus the Great, was much appreciated. Sir Daniel Wilson will lecture to-day.

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Prof. Ashley's new book has been received with great favor in Great Britain. So high an authority as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, has recommended the work in eloquent terms.

JUNIOR.

A Cheap Trip to Detroit and Chicago.

The Canadian Pacific railway are running a cheap excursion to Detroit and Chicago on December 23 and 24, the round trip for single fare, all tickets being good to return until January 6, 1892. Any of our readers wishing to spend Christmas in either of these cities should take advantage of this offer.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their pen and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LUCILLE.—No coupon enclosed.

PANSY.—Quotations are not studied.

JONATHAN.—A fine study, what there is of it, but, my good brother, you forgot the coupon.

ERNEST.—If you've been reading this paper for six months you should have noticed the rules regarding graphological studies.

THORN.—You have some identity, sufficient candor, truth and good love of order. You are neither hopeful nor despondent, rather good-tempered, with some refinement and culture, a pleasant companion and a constant friend.

AMADRA.—You are impulsive and aimable, fond of fun though rather quiet in manner, a little impatient of detail and fond of your own way, not too concerned about little things, with some gifts of imagination and optimism and a very tactful manner. A person no doubt able to make and hold friends.

MAYME.—You are decided, impetuous, full of plans and given to fancies that sometimes fade into thin air. You mind effort, whether of thought or action, shows in places. It may be restless and futile ambition. You are careful in speech and fond of mirth, have some original wit and alertness of hope and the reverse. Are refined in taste and though hasty not at all ill-tempered.

CARO.—You are self-willed, impulsive, tenacious, rather fond of society, refined, careful, and can fully appreciate life's good things. You will again lose in a number one and never sacrifice anything to sentimental vagaries. Your nature is a little prone to despondency, but you have grit and endurance, like many another refined woman, beyond what your friends give you credit for.

ADELAIDE.—Here is a bright and companionable creature, fond of his friends and deservedly liked in return; good temper, adaptability, some impulse, sense of proportion, love of all beautiful things, probably also of music, decided persistence and excellent judgment are shown in the easy lines of his chirography; generosity and self-esteem are prominent, and large capacity for planning and carrying out plans. A very graceful hand.

TROY.—This is an original but not an attractive hand, save for a certain energetic and honest beauty. Writer has good powers of imagination and rather lacks judgment, is warm in affection, but not happy in expression. She lacks fine intuition and sympathy, but is really kind and considerate, would be influenced more by the head than the heart, and would probably allow advice to sway her more than she really should. At the same time is worthy of all respect and consideration for her many admirable qualities.

A. STANLEY.—Another hand entirely. I hope all such will accept very humble apologies. This writing shows immense ability. If this writer is a devotional frame of mind she will experience all the higher joys of religious life. Her determination is good, she is upmatched, affectionate, candid and fond of society, not necessarily fashionable society, but social intercourse. Would be devoted to her own people and kind and considerate of others, a little impatient but, though touchy, also forgiving, original in method.

CIRILLA.—1. I begin to think I must have missed a mail last July for several studies have come in with the same complaints as yours. All the July studies were finished some time ago. 2. Your writing shows adaptability, sequence of thought, some intuition, tenacity and energy. You are not very self-assertive, have a good temper, some reserved power, are not very generous, not yet decisive in your actions and thoughts, have slight imagination and some taste for the beautiful, are careful and a little disposed to doubt. Altogether a veiled study.

LAMONT.—1. I was much interested in your letter and hope your patience is not exhausted waiting for an answer. 2. Your writing shows concentration, ambition, sense of humor, and some wit, you are painstaking and thorough in method, persevering, prudent, cautious and just. Most of your lines give the impression of vigor and liberality of thought, though you sometimes give way to some prejudice in certain lines. Your own self knowledge will explain this more fully. 3. You are wrong in your supposition as to sex of the person referred to. Should be glad to hear from you again.

BESSIE.—You are an original sort of a person, with peculiar opinions, ideas and practices. You've got a temper and very decided likes and dislikes, you don't wear your heart upon your sleeve, are a little narrow in sympathy, fond of a joke, your sense of humor is keen and you are persevering in effort, and can be relied on to finish what you begin. I should think you are sometimes subjective and selfishly so. You are a complex character, force and weakness being side by side. I think you would transgress many of the formal conventionalities and fully liked you, and be generally independent of them.

GEORGE IV.—This writing shows a thoroughly live character, capable of great enjoyment and correspondingly amount of pain. The energy is strong, determination good, temper a little crotchety but not actually bad, perhaps distance is a feature which with ambition will probably lead the writer all the top of the tree. He has strong opinions, some obstinacy, very good judgment and lively imagination enough to redeem him from a lack of idealism. He is fond of company, of social amusements, versatile and trained to self-control, has good intuitive perception and enjoys beauty. Lady Gay says the semi-detached look some time in tassels but outgrew her at last.

H. A. G.—This is another lost letter come to light. It is dated August 11. Please forgive the unintentional delay. Edwin Drood was never finished, though several people have finishes to it were made by writers in the early seventies. It is always published just as it was left by the lamented author. I am told that the difficulty arises only from one character, which puzzles those who try to arrange a conclusion. 2. Your writing shows strength, perception, hope, ambition, adaptability and some sympathy. You are tenacious and a little exacting, not markedly original, rather given to rule and rote, prudent, careful and strong and true in affection.

COOL.—Your study has not been overlooked for the simple reason that I never saw it. 2. A woman's chief charm in man's eyes depends entirely on what sort of man you mean. Some can be rendered savage by an ill-cooked dinner, some nervous subjects are driven to desperation by an ill-controlled tongue, some rendered reckless by mistrust. To suit these three types of cranks, a different charm would be required, and you will find that the man who discomfures about woman's chief charm invariably gets a reality that is far from his ideal. I have asked a great many very learned and experienced men and have failed to strike enough opinions in unison to give you any one charm as the most desirable. One man said it was to know how to speak and to listen; another that it was to be to property value her own sweet self, a third to be born without a temper, another to cook well, and so on, with a variety that was bewildering. 3. Your writing shows originality, determination, some self-love, and belief in your own judgment which sometimes misleads. You are very fond of your own way, though not unduly self-assertive, have a mixture of reserve and thoughtfulness which shows you a little capricious. You would not lightly abandon a scheme, have some imagination, but lack fine perception and tact. You are anxious to do and think rightly, and are more inclined to do than to dream, but you lack sequence of thought and ease of manner. A difficult hand and a similar character but they both repay study and have a certain power.

On Monday, December 21, the most successful comic opera ever written since the days of Erminie will be produced at the Academy of Music with the original cast that made the long run of four months last summer at Palmer's theater, New York. Digby Bell, the comedian, has made the hit of his life in the part of Muley Hassan, in The Tar and Tartar, and Marion Manola, the charming little prima donna, who ever since her first appearance has been the rival of one to contest the rights of Lillian Russell as the queen of comic opera in New York, is also with the company, which includes Laura Joyce Bell, Hubert Wilke, Fred Frear, Josephine Knapp, Hilda Hollins, Maud Hollins, Charles Wayne, and a large chorus of sixty people. The company will bring its own scenery and costumes, which are the same as used in the New York production, and are said to be gorgeous in coloring and strikingly effective in design. The story deals with the trials of a ship wrecked tar aggravated by his tartar wife. The book is said to be exceedingly light and witty, while the music is catchy and melodious. In fact, it is just the sort of an attraction for Christmas week, being bright and full of melody and color, and presents a lot of pretty, shapely girls in effective costumes. This engagement of The Tar and Tartar will mark a new era in Toronto amusements, as it was the first time a great New York success has ever reached Canada during the first flush of its triumph.

This is Accurate!

A reference to our advertising columns will show the exceptional bargains which Frank S. Taggart is offering for Christmas week. The stock of this enterprising young business man is splendidly selected and arranged in a manner to delight the eye and facilitate one's choice of a Christmas gift. Mr. Taggart publishes a very large catalogue of his lines of silverware, jewelry and sporting goods, which may be procured at his place of business. He should do an immense trade during the next fortnight.

A Tell-Tale Find.

Mr. Cameso—Good-morning, Bessie. How's your papa this morning?

Bessie—He ain't up yet. Mamma sent me over with your hat. You left it on the hitching-post out by the gate after you left the card party, and she says the post ain't as liable to take cold as you are.

•

Are you thinking of spending Christmas in Detroit or Chicago? If so, be sure to travel via C. P. R., who are offering round trip tickets for single fare on December 23 and 24, good to return until January 6, '92. See the nearest C. P. R. agent.

•

Undoubtedly the largest assortment of the very latest things in Christmas novelties, perfumes and toilet requisites may be seen at Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge street.

•

"Does your daughter speak the languages?"

"Not to any extent. She can say 'yes,' though, in five of 'em, in case any foreign nobleman asks her to marry."

BABY'S : : : STOCKING

"Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling
Never saw Christmas yet.

"But I've told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes;
I'm sure he fully expects it,
He looked so cunning and wise."

Yes, even Baby's requirements have not been overlooked by us. Here's our evidence! Sterling Silver Spoons from $1 to $6 each; Gold Rings—ever so tiny—from 60c. to $5 each; Dress Buttons 75c. to $8 per set; Bib Pins 40c. to $10 each; Rattles 75c. to $15 each; Silver Cups $1 to $25 each; Knife, Fork and Spoon sets 75c. to $12 each; Silver Thimbles, Powder Boxes, Necklets, Hair Brushes, Lockets, Bowls, Food Pushers, and innumerable other lines admirably adapted for Baby. If we can do this much for the children, you may imagine what can be done for the "children of larger growth." We will not attempt to enumerate the really choice articles we show for all ages and conditions of life, but wish you would make it a point to inspect our window display, or better still, call in and examine our stock, and be convinced that we show the BEST ever seen in Toronto.

RYRIE BROS.
JEWELERS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

GRUENFELD
ALFRED
COURT PIANIST
TO THE
EMPERORS
OF
Germany and Austria

Assisted by
HEINRICH GRUENFELD
Court Violoncellist to the
Emperor of Germany
and vocal talent
PAVILION
Thursday, Jan. 7
Prices, 81, 75c. and 50c.
Plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on Tuesday, December 22.

Academy of Music
CHRISTMAS WEEK MONDAY December 21
The Greatest New York Success
TAR AND TARTAR
PRESENTED BY THE
ASKIN & RORK OPERA CO.
SPECIAL MATINEE XMAS
Regular matinee Saturday. Sale of seats begins Thursday, December 17. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.50.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF
CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY
DINNERS BANQUETS
WEBB'S
WEDDING SUPPLIES
ESTABLISHMENT
447 YONGE ST. TORONTO ONT.
ENTERTAINMENTS
WEDDING CAKES
Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.
Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.
HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Bijou Camera
Price $1.00
The Most Attractive Christmas Present of the Season
Complete Photographic Outfit with Book of Instructions. Can be had from the dealers throughout Canada, or
ATKINSON BROS.
14 Front Street West - - TORONTO

I. SUCKLING & SONS,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS.
CAPTAIN THERESE
OPERA COMIQUE.
CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION
Of the following Vocal Numbers:
The Song of the Butterfly, 50c.; Sweet Therese, 50c; Captain Therese Waltz, 75c.; Captain Therese Lancers, 75c.; Vocal Score, $1.50; Piano Score, 90c.
107 YONGE STREET - TORONTO

NOTICE
A specialist will be in attendance during the holiday season for consultation, Free of Charge, in case of defective sight, due to errors of refraction and accommodation at
MICHAEL'S THE OPTICIANS,
47 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
THE BEST is the CHEAPEST
- - AND - - -
YOU WILL BE SORRY IF YOU DO NOT GO TO
DETROIT
AND
CHICAGO
VIA CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
December 23 & 24
RETURN UNTIL JANUARY 6th, 1892
ROUND TRIP AT
SINGLE FARE
Apply to any Agent of the Company.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (cash when delivered), viz: 6 crates for $1; 13 crates, $2; 20 crates, $3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.
100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.
WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

SUGGESTIONS
FOR PRESENTS

Dinner Sets	From $6.50 to $150.00
Tea Sets	From 2.00 to 125.00
5 o'Clock Sets	From 3.50 to 30.00
Salad Sets	From 3.00 to 15.00
Fish Sets	From 10.00 to 25.00
Banquet Lamps	From 4.50 to 70.00
Piano Lamps	From 6.00 to 50.00
Table Lamps	From 1.50 to 15.00
Fancy Pieces of Art Pottery	All prices

PANTECHNETHECA
116 Yonge Street

McKendry's Greeting
TO THE
READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT
Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!
McKendry Once More on the War Path
Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.
Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.
Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices
In our Basement Bazar
Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.
Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.
Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.
Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.
McKENDRY'S 202
6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.

I have often given my friends advice how to dress correctly. The advice war always to go to any tailor in whom they had perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that I am not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's elaborate establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are bold and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch cheviots for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that I am not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's elaborate establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are bold and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch cheviots for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than perfect conf.

NOTICE
A general meeting of the shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at offices of the said company on
Tuesday, December 29, 1891
AT 3 O'CLOCK P.M.,
When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.
J. A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH
Toronto District Agency, 12 King St. East
PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE OR LEASE
THE PHONOGRAPH SOIREE is the latest novelty in London, Paris and New York drawing-rooms. We rent instruments, in charge of polite attendants, for this purpose and for church and society entertainments.
LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 25c to hear any one of 100 choicest musical and spoken records.

Constance.

(Continued from Page 13)

under my very nose; but I am blind no longer. You can pack up your traps and be off—the pair of you—and a good riddance of bad rubbish!"

"You do not know what you are saying," said St. Quentin quietly. "When you are sober, you will regret your infamous accusation."

"Armitage was sober enough to see you kissing his wife," said Lord Hardstock carelessly. "You must admit, St. Quentin, that was not a very pleasant sight for him."

"No, it was an unpleasant one," said the master of the house. "But they can do their billing and cooing elsewhere in future; they don't stop another night in this house."

Then Constance walked up to her husband and said very calmly and quietly: "It was not my intention to attempt to exonerate myself, but, as you appear to be serious, I must do so. I had just told Mr. St. Quentin that my life was intolerable, and that I intended to leave you; and he, in return, had said that he would always be my friend. On my honor, that is all that passed between us. At that moment you came in."

"I have no doubt that his friendship will be very valuable," said Lord Hardstock.

"At any rate you shall not enjoy it in my house," said Armitage. "I have told you both to go, and I have nothing more to say."

"I shall choose my own time for leaving your house," said Constance proudly, "and I refuse to obey the orders of a drunken man."

"You will soon see if I am drunk, and if I am not master in my house," cried her husband. Then turning to Lord Hardstock, he said: "Just ring the bell, there's a good fellow, will you?"

The summons was immediately answered. A crowd of servants, attracted by the noise, had clustered round the door—as servants will do on such unpleasant occasions—and the butler, wearing a look of excessive innocence, and without betraying in the least degree that he imagined that anything was wrong, at once appeared.

"Tell Pratt to pack up Mrs. Armitage's things, and William is to do the same for Mr. St. Quentin," said Armitage. "They are both leaving here to-night, and the brougham must be at the door in half an hour."

The butler withdrew, and Constance, with flaming cheeks, burst forth: "How dare you so insult me before the servants! Lord Hardstock, speak to him. He may listen to you. Tell him that he is wrong; that I am innocent."

"It is always a bad plan to interfere between husband and wife," said his lordship, with a smile. "I have no doubt when the time comes you will be able to exculpate yourself."

"You need not appeal to Lord Hardstock," said Mr. St. Quentin; "he is scarcely the per son to give anyone good advice. You must obey your husband, even though he is not sober. I will escort you to London. Once there, you can take the necessary steps to have your separation legally carried out."

"There's no question of a separation," said Armitage. "It shall be a divorce." Then turning to his wife he continued: "And — glad I shall be to get rid of you and your tragedy queen airs."

"I will take your advice, Mr. St. Quentin," said Constance, paying no attention to her husband's last outburst; and, so saying, she went out of the room.

The poor lady had scarcely strength to climb the staircase. But in her room her other she managed to do it and went straight to her children's bedrooms and kissed them both, as they lay asleep all unconscious of their mother's trouble. In less than half an hour she had left the house.

CHAPTER III.

From Greystone Park to the station was not a long drive, and Mrs. Armitage and her companion managed to catch the last train to London.

"We had better not go up to town in the same carriage," said Mr. St. Quentin. "There is no saying what enormity Armitage may be guilty of with that ruffian Hardstock at his elbow, and it is best to be prepared for everything. Mrs. Armitage agreed, and consequently saw no more of Basil until the train steamed into Liverpool street.

"I will call and see you to-morrow, if you will allow me," said Basil, as he put Constance into a hansom.

"O! course. I am going to old Mr. Bolder, my people's lawyer, the first thing in the morning—or rather as soon as I am dressed, for it's morning now—and after that I have nothing to do. Will you come and lunch at the Metropole! That's where I shall stay if I can find rooms."

"No, I think that would be unwise under all he circumstances and considering the kind of people that you will have to fight. And the fight is certain, rest assured of that."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Constance wearily. "Anyhow, tell me when I may hope to see you."

"I will call in the afternoon about four, if that wi l suit you."

"Perfectly," answered Constance. "Very well, then, I shall expect you at four. Tell the man, will you, to drive to the Metropole! Good-bye."

Basil St. Quentin's feelin sas he sat smoking in his chambers previous to turning in were of a mixed character. In the first place, he was exceedingly sorry for and deeply pitied the unmerited misfortune that had overtaken the only woman for whom he had ever really cared. But at the same time he could not fail to find pleasure in the reflection that Constance and her husband were doubtless now estranged for ever, and that should Mrs. Armitage succeed in obtaining a divorce, he, Basil, would have an excellent chance of making her his wi e.

Constance Armitage found rooms at the Metropole, but, although sorely in need of rest, she was unable to close her eyes during the remainder of the night. She rose early, and was one of the first callers at Messrs. Holder, Tanfield, Willicombe and Sharpe, the great firm of solicitors in Bedford Row, and she asked for Mr. Bolder, the senior partner.

Old Mr. Bolder received her in his most courteous manner, heard her story, shook his head now and again with a gravity worthy of a Burleigh, and finally said, "My dear madam, I need scarcely tell you that I will devote my whole energies to your interests, which, after al, are simple. You need have no anxiety as your settlements were drawn in this office. For the present, I am satisfied that you want other help than I can give you. Let me beg you without delay to consult your doctor. I can clearly see—and you must be guided by me, for you are young enough to be my daughter—that you need rest."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bolder. I will do as you suggest."

"That is right. Let me see you in three days' time—say Friday at eleven."

And then, to the surprise of his staff of clerks, the old man took Mrs. Armitage down the stairs on his arm, handed her into her hansom, and returned with a thoughtful face.

"Tell Mr. Jackson," he said as he re-entered, "to bring up Mrs. Armitage's marriage settlement papers of any sort connected with her affairs, and run round to our junior, Mr. Brayson, in Old Square, and fix a consultation for this evening after six. See the cashier and take a cheque for counsel's fee and clerk's.

And then the old man returned to a mass of plans showing sections of a mine in Wales, into which some water had broken from a disused mine and drowned all the men who were actually at work. The death of the men was a mere incident. Five and twenty pounds a head would probably cover everything, even in these Radical days, when the law actually gives compensation to workmen who are butchered through the negligence of their employer or his representative. But the stoppage of the works was another matter, for they formed the principal security in several heavy family settlements. It was a bone with plenty of meat upon it, and the old lawyer returned to his task of worrying it with a relish.

Mrs. Armitage, acting on Mr. Bolder's advice, drove immediately to Dr. Jacob Chatwin's. Now Dr. Chatwin was a physician as kindly in nature as he was eminent in his profession. The doctor had known the poor lady ever since she was three years old, and was naturally much grieved at the state in which he found her. Her nerves were strung to the highest pitch and she was trembling with excitement.

"My dear child," said the doctor, patting Constance on the head as he used to do when she was a little girl in short frocks. "My dear child, your trouble is a men'al one, not a physical one. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Mrs. Armitage obeyed, and in a few minutes Dr. Chatwin knew the history of her unhappy married life.

"Now the first thing that I must tell you, Mrs. Armitage, is that you must not worry. I absolutely forbid it. Why, a good man is not worth worrying about, and as for a man like your husband, he is unworthy of a second consideration. The only thing to be decided—and that is a matter for your lawyers to attend to—is the best way to get rid of h m. Life with a man of that description is a living death, and no woman should be called upon to support such an existence. I have an only daughter, as you know, and I tell you what it is, Mrs. Armitage, I would rather see my child in her coffin than that she should be doomed to pass the remainder of her life with a jealous, drunken man."

"I think you are quite right, Dr. Chatwin," said Constance. "Anyhow, I am to see Mr. Bolder again on Friday, and he will, of course do all that is necessary. I feel I am quite safe in acting under his advice."

"Perfectly safe," said Dr. Chatwin, who had begun to write out a prescription. "I have known Mr. Bolder for forty years, and a more thorough man of the world I never met. Now you have this made up at once," handing a slip of paper to his patient, "and take it regularly till you see me again. You will find that it will put a little new life into you. If you don't find yourself better send for me or come here without delay. You know my hours, eleven to one and after five. Good bye. Cheer up and, above all, don't worry."

Mrs. Armitage made her way back to the Metropole, ordered lunch but could scarcely eat a morsel when it came upon the table. Then she took up a book and tried to while away the time until Mr. St. Quentin should put in an appearance. He may listen to you, quite impossible to concentrate her ideas, so she threw down the book and began to think. Her reflections, it need hardly be stated, were not of a very pleasant character. For the last three years, at all events, no ray of happiness had come into her life, excepting such as was derived from the companionship of her children. They, indeed, were her only solace and now it was proposed to deprive her of their tender love. But the law could never allow this infamy to be perpetrated. Mr. Bolder would take care of that. She longed for Friday to come in order that she might learn what steps the old lawyer was taking and spur him on, if need be, to fresh exertions. Whatever it might cost, both in trouble and money, she made up her mind to regain possession of the little ones. No tigress robbed of her whelps could have been more desperate, more determined.

While Constance was pondering over these things, the door opened and Basil St. Quentin was announced in. His face was very grave and he was evidently the bearer of intelligence of very serious import. He went up to her and shook hands.

"I have brought you terrible news—very terrible news indeed—Mrs. Armitage," he said, pointing to a newspaper which he laid on the table. "Your husband is dead."

Mrs. Armitage sank down in a chair, but spoke no word.

"It seems he had an apoplectic fit. But perhaps I had better read you what the paper says. It is only a short paragraph:—'Mr. Cyril Armitage, of Greystone Park, Norfolk, died suddenly this morning of apoplexy. The deceased gentleman, who was apparently in perfect health, shot yesterday with a party of friends whom he had been entertaining at Greys one. Mr. Armitage was in his thirtieth year, and leaves a wife and two children.'"

Then Mrs. Armitage spoke for the first time and her voice was almost unnaturally calm. "My course is clear," said she. "I shall leave for Greystone at once."

"Yes, that will doubtless be the best. Can I be of any assistance?"

"No, thank you very much, I think not. And now, Mr. St. Quentin, you won't be angry if I tell you that I would rather be alone for a little time. You won't think me unkind if I say good-bye."

"Of course not. Good-bye, Mrs. Armitage. I need scarcely beg you to command me, if there is anything I can possibly do."

Mrs. Armitage made no reply, but shook hands rather coldly, at least so St. Quentin thought as he left the room.

The door had no sooner closed than Constance burst into tears.

(To be Continued.)

Beauty.

What is beauty, after all? Each eye makes it for itself. You think Smith's lady-love raw-boned and hard-featured. He calls her a "magnificent woman," and wonders what you see in your little angel, with her baby face and tiny stature. So it is the world over; and yet we would each give something to be beautiful after our own fashion. How the powders and lotions which are to bestow upon poor bilious mortals skins of satin and snow, and the hair dyes and pomades and cosmetics of all sorts sell, we need not mention to prove the fact. In France old ladies are even being made over, at the cost of half their fortunes.

Yes, we all want to be beautiful; and if only our ideas of beauty were what they should be, we might accomplish our desire easily. Sweetness and love make all faces pleasant. There are plain features so charming with the sparkle of good humor that we love them. There are blemished faces so sweet that they are pleasanter to look upon than the most perfect. After all, it is in the expression that the actual charm lies.

Mislaid.

Fogg—Oh, you are too hard on Flimsey. He has his faults, but there is one good thing about him.

Brown—And pray what is that?

Fogg—He—er—I can't recall it at just this moment.

Georgia Hospitality.

I had got beyond Roseville, in riding out to the battlefield of Chickamauga, when it began to rain, and the way the thunder roared and the flood gates opened was appalling. A farmer just over the Georgia line invited me in out of the wet, and there I stuck from one o'clock until dark. It was a steady shower, without a break for a minute, and as there were no signs of its clearing up before midnight the man said I had better stay all night. It looked that way to me too, but it was a log house with only one room and only two beds for the twelve of us. There were six children, some half grown, the farmer, his wife, an old woman, a son-in-law, a young woman, and myself. It looked as if some of us would have to stand up and sleep, and about nine o'clock I began to get sleepy, and was the old man noticed it, for shortly after that hour he said:

"Stranger, we'll step outside and look at the weather."

We went to the barn, and, after a look at the heavens, returned and found all the women in one bed and the light out.

"Shake off and jump into t'other bed," whispered the man, and I followed directions. I was no sooner in than he followed. Then came the old man and then three boys lay across our feet, the upper one resting across my knees. It was impossible to move or turn, but in ten minutes all were snoring away as if that was their usual way of going to bed. I heard the clock strike eleven, twelve, one, and two, and was finally dozing off when some one opened the door, walked in and began to undress. The noise aroused the farmer, who carefully called out: "Who's that?"

"Me."

"Who's me?"

"Jim Baker."

"Oh, Jim, eh! Want to stay all night?"

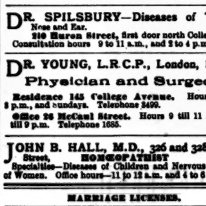
"I reckon."

"Well, strip off and pile in between the fust two on the front; there's only four of us lyin' len'thwise!"

Jim piled in without another word being said, and was soon asleep, and, as I was sliding silently out to finish the night on the floor, the farmer sleepily queried:

"That you, Tom? Pull off your bu'es and slip in—lots of room left here yet."—*New York World.*

Puck's Illustrated Shakespeare.



"If I can catch him once upon the hip."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

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Mr. Plunkett—I want one that'll skeer the young fe'ler what sets up with Mandy outen his boots.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BOTSFORD—On Sunday, December 13, at 66 St George street, the wife of Charles S. Botsford of a daughter.

BELL—Dec. 10, Mrs. Charles H. Bell—a son.

BOTSFORD—Dec. 13, Mrs. Charles Botsford—a daughter.

LOVELL—Dec. 9, Mrs. James S. Lovell—a daughter.

MAUNDERS—Dec. 9, Mrs. Dyce W. Saunders—a daughter.

MACLENNAN—Dec. 8, Mrs. Kenneth Maclennan—a son

HALL—Dec. 8, Mrs. C. H. Hall—a son.

SHAMBROOK—Dec. 13, Mrs. Harry A. Shambrook—a daughter.

Marriages

JACKSON—CARLISLE—Dec. 2, Frank S. Jackson to Phoebe Carlisle.

JACKSON—SUMMERFIELD—Dec. 9, William Jackson to Daisy Summerfield.

VANNATTER—LYMBURNER—Dec. 9, Alfred Vannatter to Cora Lymburner.

McLEAN—ROBERTSON—Dec. 15, J. M. McLean to Violet Robertson.

HARRIS—CHANDLER—Dec. 9, Wilbur Harris to Jenny Chandler.

SKIBROW—FURLONG—Dec. 9, J. A. Skirrow to Susan Furlong.

McLELLAN—McNAB—Dec. 9, Alexander McLellan to Jessie McNab.

BRAY—McKAY—Dec. 9, Oscar Bray to Barbara McKay.

Deaths.

MOUNTAIN—Dec. 13 Thomas P. Mountain, aged 71.

IRWIN—Nov. 14, Elizabeth Grace Irwin, aged 30.

AUSTIN—Dec 9, James Austin.

AIKINS—Dec 11, James Cox Aikins, aged 6.

BEYNON—Dec. 13, Rev. George Beynon, aged 78.

DODDS—Dec. 12, Alfred E. King-Dodds, aged 20.

FIREMAN—Dec. 12, Jonathan Kelly Freeman, aged 55.

WARD—Dec. 12, Harriet Amelia Ward, aged 78.

WOODMAN—Dec. 8, Charles Woodman, aged 46.

DRAPER—Dec. 10, Richard H. Draper.

MACPHERSON—Dec., Jessie Macpherson, aged 75.

CORSSON—Dec. 7 Forrester Corsson, aged 11.

HUGHES—Dec. 9, Raymond Hughes, aged 3.

BOYD—Dec. 9, Lieut.-Col. R. Boyd, aged 43

LaBARRE—Dec. 10, Mrs. A. E. LaBarre, aged 36.

McPHERSON—Dec. 9, John S. McPherson.

NASH—Dec 10, Katherine F. Nash, aged 7.

BLAIR—Dec. 10, William Arthur Blair, aged 2

MALONE—Dec. 11, Attilla Malone.

PATTERSON—Dec 14, Thomas Patterson, aged 89.

HOLMAN—Dec. 15, Edward T. Holman, aged 57.

JACKSON—Dec. 12, Elizabeth Jackson, aged 85.

NIGHTINGALE—Dec., Thos. Nightingale, aged 63.

BARTHOLO—Dec 14, Wesley Bartholo, aged 35.

McKELLAR—Dec. 14, Fred C. McKellar, aged 8.

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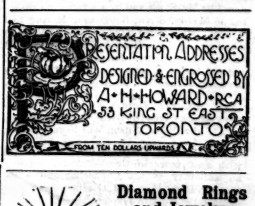

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